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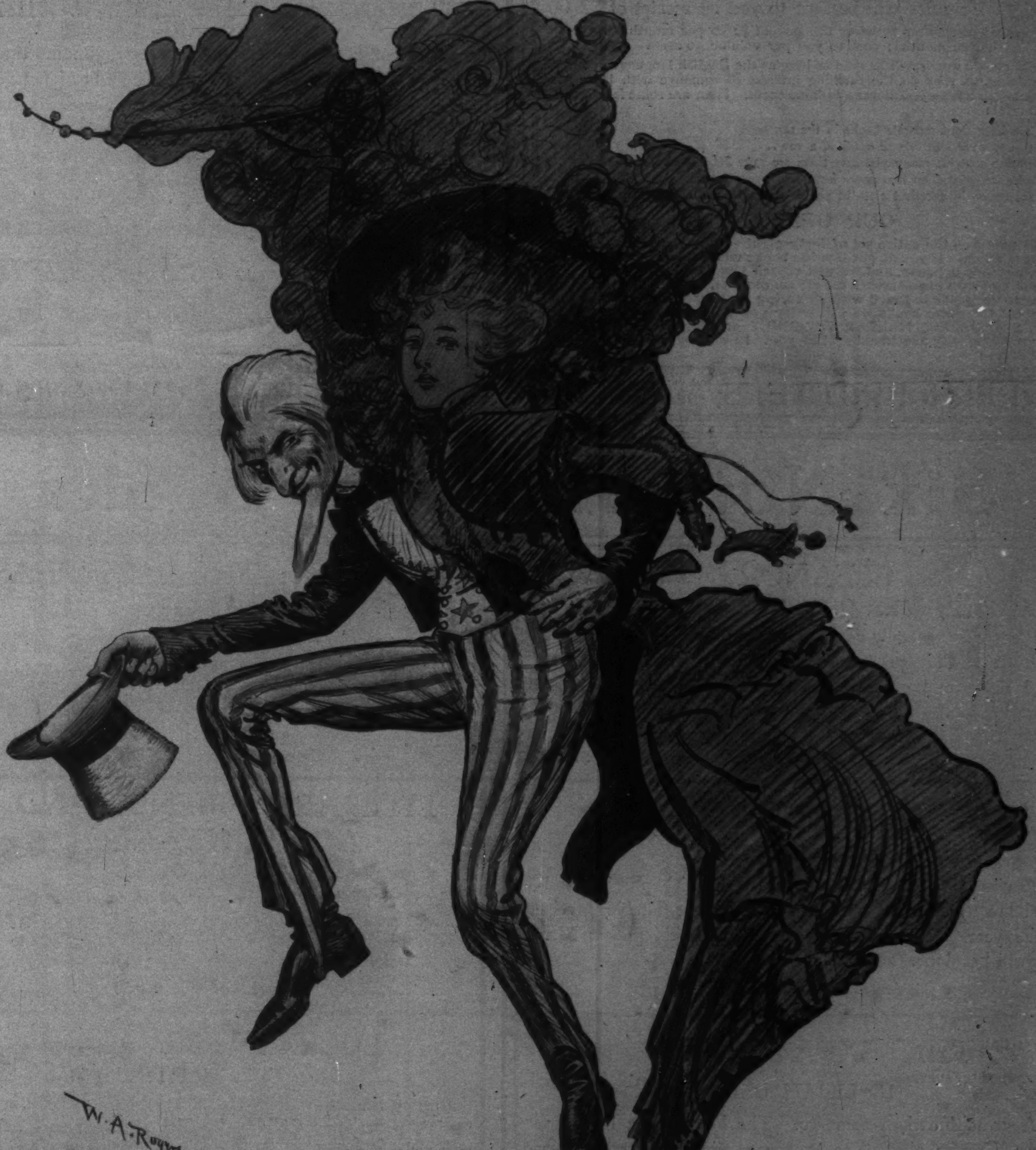
A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK DECEMBER 29 : 1900



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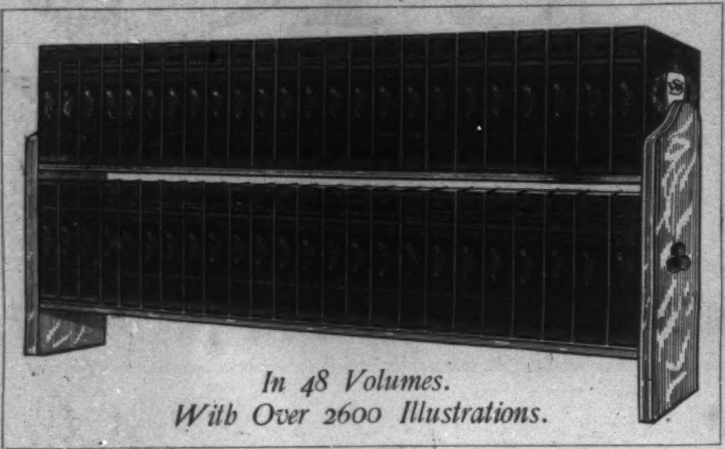

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Dec. 29 1900

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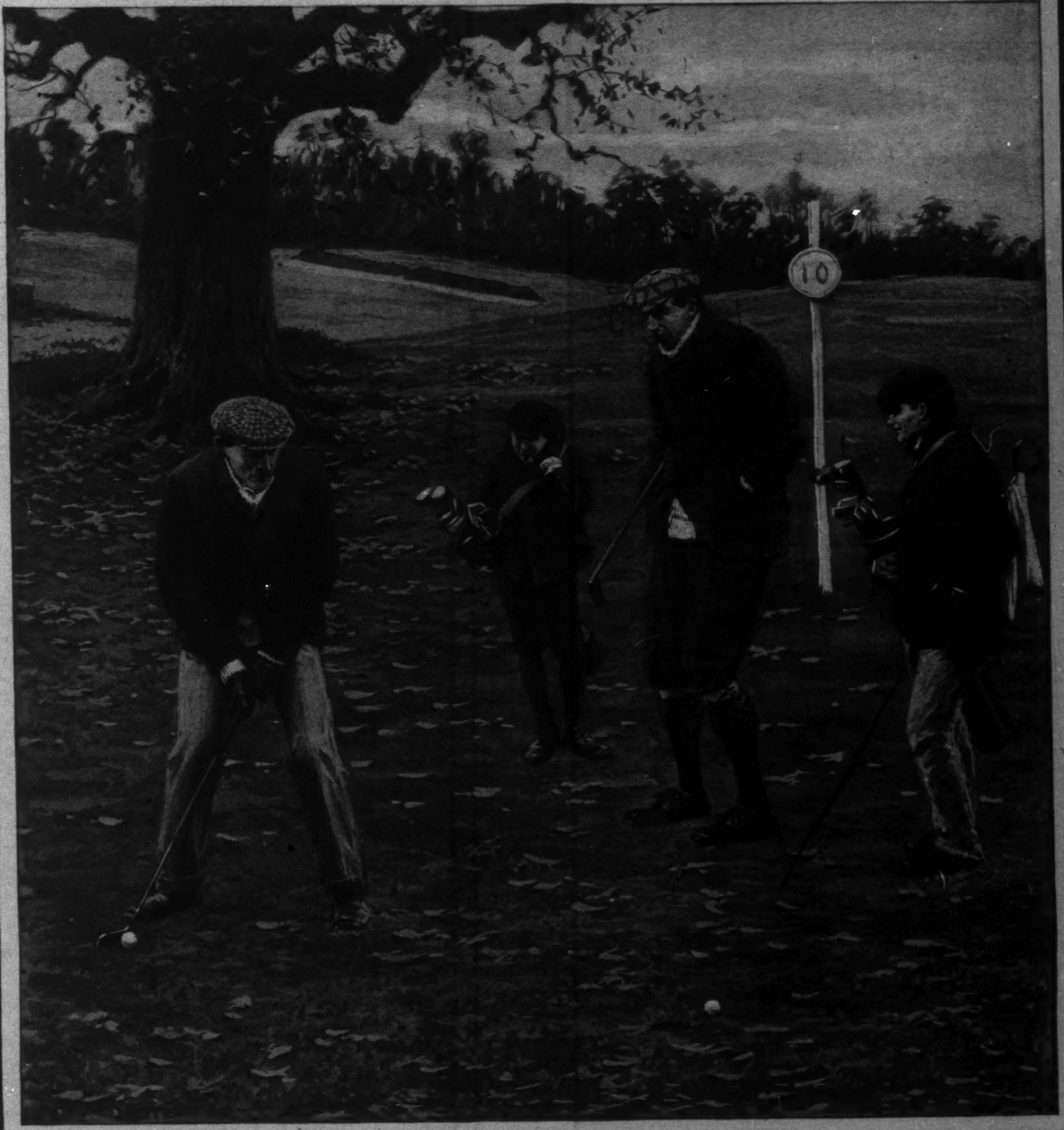

THE END OF THE SEASON.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 29, 1900

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On the Making of Treaties

WHATEVER may by this time have been the disposition of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty by the United States Senate, it has again become evident that certain changes in our method of adopting treaties is essential, if we are to take a place among nations of importance and dignity. It is hardly conceivable that any American citizen can point with pride to the goings-on in the Senate while the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was being discussed. The debate was neither elevating nor dignified, and the usual run of tail-twisters were by no means conspicuous by their absence. Whatever may have been the motives of the opposition to the convention, whether those who fought its ratification were prompted by a desire to defeat the whole Nicaragua scheme, or in an access of sheer patriotism were anxious thoroughly to Americanize the canal, it is not our purpose to discuss here. It is the method by which in treating of an important and somewhat delicate question between ourselves and a friendly nation we are placed in a humiliating position in the eyes of all self-respecting communities to which we object. It ought not to be possible for this nation to be placed in a false light before the other nations of the world by the blatherskite eloquence of a few scatter-brained Senators who are trying to "impress" the folks at home with their tail-twisting periods. Of course it is impossible to keep men of this stamp out of the Senate. The raw, the untamed, the uneducated, the fiery agitator, will always be one of the curses of our system, since blatancy in many American communities passes for genius, and, once in the Senate, it is equally impossible to compel persons of this particular sort to hold their tongues. There is no merciful provision of the law by which gentlemen like Senator Mason or Senator Pettigrew may be gagged as occasion may arise, any more than, once legally accredited, individuals like Senator Clark or Senator Quay can be deprived of their right to sit with the other Senators. But it is not at all necessary that the empty fulminations of the tail-twister should be scattered broadcast before the world when by the adoption and enforcement of a simple rule discussions of matters affecting our international relations may be held only behind closed doors. The time will probably never come when there will not be at least one person in the Senate who is lying in wait to "defy" the whole universe in the most insulting terms, not from any positive conviction, but for the sole purpose of making his constituents think he is the real thing, and it is a question which the Senate—a body, in spite of many critics to the contrary, of very considerable ability, and of eminent respectability generally, as at present constituted—should for the sake of its own good name consider seriously if in the future matters in which our relations with other nations are concerned should not be discussed in Executive Session. It does not matter so much in affairs of purely domestic concern if these people are allowed to display themselves in all their naked emptiness. Sometimes it relieves a tense situation to have a blatherskite rise up and make a fool of himself. A farce of this sort is frequently useful as showing the absolute shallowness of an opposition or of an advocacy, and since the question at issue affects ourselves alone, no great harm can come of it. But when we are dealing with others, it is as essential that our behavior should be circumspect as that in private negotiations between two gentlemen neither should forget that there are hard and fast rules by which a gentleman should be guided, and, indeed, by his adherence to which alone is his claim to the title to be justified. In the latter case the two parties to the discussion may think all sorts of things about each other, but they never blurt them out, and while the Senate remains a part of the treaty-making power it should have a care that the blurting-out process which has been so conspicuous a feature of the recent debates is drastically suppressed in the future.

The fact that the jingoistic utterances of these misplaced gentlemen have caused no particular commotion in England does not relieve the situation in the least. In fact, it serves only to emphasize the humiliation of it. The people of a great nation realize, in a way that is not at all a matter upon which we may congratulate ourselves, that a United States Senator may have no more ability for statecraft than a longshoreman, and that his published utterances may have no more value than would have been those of Artemus Ward's kangaroo, if that most "amoosin' cuss" had been afflicted with the gift of speech.

As to Patrons and Patronesses

WE quite agree with the proposition, as laid down by a well-known New-Yorker in a recent note to the editor of an evening newspaper published in this city, that one of the nuisances of recent times is the impressment into the service of public performers of patrons and patronesses. It happens so frequently that incompetence is bolstered up by the use of the names of the socially eminent that the socially eminent are often suspected of taking part in a great game of bunco by which the public are fleeced. The whole scheme is pernicious. If a man who lectures, or a woman who sings, or a pianist who plays, has real merit, all that is necessary to be done is that the individual should appear, perform the functions required by the occasion, and await the coming of glory and profit. The period of waiting may be long or short. This will all depend upon the quality of the work done. If it is bad the wait must be eternal. If it be good, recognition is sure, ultimately. One great name more or less will not help on the success, one great name more or less will not deter it. A thousand great names will not turn failure into success. We know little of the merits of the particular case which elicited the special protest, except that the individual most conspicuously involved was placed in what we presume was a most embarrassing position by the error of his manager in making use of certain well-known names without due warrant, as he appears to have done. The special case, however, may be left to work out its own solution. The general proposition is one that calls for attention, and in a country, as well as in a time, where no poet needs a Maecenas and no true merit needs a patron, the custom is archaic and should become obsolete. Mr. Hagenbeck apparently realized this when he introduced his trained geese and his educated seals to the American public without calling upon the leaders of New York society to endorse the virtues of his highly talented aggregation, or asking the leaders of commercial, art, and literary circles to sit upon the platform with his fur and feather stars while they performed. We trust that hereafter other managers will be equally wise and considerate.

Mr. Harrison and Anti-Imperialism

THAT was undoubtedly a pregnant address which ex-President Harrison delivered at Ann Arbor the other day on the subject of Imperialism, and since Mr. Harrison treats of the purely constitutional aspects of the case and does not indulge in any of the foolish forebodings of those whose Anti-Imperialism was based upon their alleged fear that the Administration was planning a *coup d'état* by which President McKinley should become an Emperor and Governor Roosevelt a Prince Imperial, it is worthy of the careful consideration of those who concern themselves with great public questions. In one respect, Mr. Harrison's remarks were of a peculiarly timely nature, since the question discussed, as to whether or not the Constitution follows the flag, is now before the Supreme Court of the United States, and must there be shortly decided, if indeed by the time this issue of the Weekly appears it has not already been. Attorney-General Griggs has made an able argument in support of the contention of the Administration that the Constitution waits until it is bidden before it ventures to follow that glorious emblem of our liberties; and Mr. Edward C. Perkins has made an equally able rejoinder. It is a pity, however, that one of so generally conceded ability as a constitutional lawyer as Mr. Harrison should not have had the opportunity to express his views before the highest tribunal in the land, where his words would have received their due and authoritative attention, and his arguments weighed at their true value by the body best fitted for the task. Mr. Harrison's past services to his country, his experience as the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and the fact that one who but a short while ago was clothed with all the authority that now belongs to Mr. McKinley now takes a radically different attitude on a question of the greatest political import, make of his address a notable incident in our public life. That it should have gone out in somewhat garbled form and have been delivered under conditions short of the highest and best is a matter for regret.

The Booz Investigation

THE investigation of the case of Cadet Booz at West Point elicits the fact that hazing of one kind or another is undoubtedly practised at the Military Academy, at which no sophisticated person can be at all surprised. We are no advocate of brutality in the relations of young men to each other, but it is hardly to be expected that a large body of buoyant youths shall ever be gathered together among whom there will not be rife all sorts of practical joking, in which certain of the men suffer temporary discomfiture. They would scarcely be men of normal character if the spirit of pranksomeness did not exist among them, and the question which should concern them and their superiors is not the entire suppression of these ebullitions, but their regulation, so that there shall be no after-results detrimental to the health of the cadets. It is peculiarly unfortunate in the case which has brought about the present investigation that the physique of the deceased cadet was not strong enough to sustain what appear to have been, so far as intent is concerned, the wholly innocent acts of aggression on the part of his fellows. The testimony, as given by the young men who participated in the affair, and who still remain at the institution, is frank and manly, and it is difficult to believe that the heart of any one of them harbored aught of malice toward the unhappy cadet. Nevertheless, there should be punishment in some degree for those who have violated the regulations, and punishment of some severity, too, in order that in the future the good name of the Academy may be safeguarded against a repetition of the unhappy scandal that has recently attached itself to it.

Meanwhile, whatever may be the final verdict and penalty inflicted by the War Department, the cadets will undoubtedly comport themselves with proper circumspection. The *esprit de corps* at West Point is such that to believe otherwise is impossible.

A Recommendation to the President

IF President McKinley has any more projects in mind of the particular sort represented by his recent action in the case of General Eagan we trust he will get to work upon them at once and have the whole batch cleared away before the beginning of his second term, even if he is compelled to devote the whole of his holiday leisure to the task. Having supported the President as heartily as we knew how in his quest for a re-election, we are sincerely desirous that his second term shall be a success, and as unmarred as possible by egregious blunders.

A CENTURY OF ACHIEVEMENT

SHIP-BUILDING. By Waldon Fawcett

A SHORT time ago Secretary-of-War Root declared that, in his opinion, the process of making Bessemer steel constituted the pre-eminent achievement of the century, and with this conviction almost every person having to do with the construction and operation of ships will be likely to coincide most heartily. Within the century now closing is embraced the entire history and development of the metal vessel.

In the same measure also the cycle of a hundred years holds the complete history of marine engineering. Possibly the development of the steam-vessel dates, as has been claimed, from a period late in the last century, but to all practical intents and purposes it was inaugurated with the invention of the propeller in 1837. It has been at a wonderful pace that these twin sciences have advanced along the highway of progress. In no line of industrial growth has it had a parallel, save perhaps in the utilization of electrical power.

The evolution from a clumsy wooden craft scarcely as large as a railroad car, and incapable of moving more rapidly than a good coach-horse, to a monster steel structure exceeding in length the height of our tallest monuments and buildings, and capable of accommodating the population of a small city, appears to be a long step, but in reality it is only a beginning. To broaden the scope of a recent declaration of the German Emperor, it may be said that the future of not only the father-land but of the entire civilized world "lies in the sea," and thus the achievements of the vanishing century are chiefly interesting in their capacity as a foundation for the grander structure to be reared in the future. Already this era of maritime miracles is upon us. We are learning to navigate under the water as well as upon its surface; we are finding new means to unlock ice-blocked rivers and harbors, and, finally, we are rapidly approaching the point of travelling as rapidly upon the high seas as on land.

To gain a wholly adequate idea of the importance of the accomplishments of the present century in ship-building it is but necessary to contrast them with the progress made in all the centuries which have intervened since the creation of Noah's ark—a vessel which, by-the-way, was fully as large as any war-ship now in existence. To the inexhaustible supply of material afforded by the great forests of America, combined with that Yankee ingenuity which has been sharpened by hardship and oppression, must be attributed the supremacy in ship-building which America enjoyed early in the nineteenth century. The occupancy of this proud position continued for many years, and an added sense of security was imparted by the invention of that wonderful type, the American clipper-ship, which revolutionized the naval architecture of the world.

The first successful steam-vessel was designed and constructed by an American engineer, and this same engineer—Robert Fulton—was responsible for the construction during the first decade of the century of the first steam war-vessel built for any navy. On the other hand, the U.S.S. *Michigan*, which is still in service as the sole representative of Uncle Sam's navy on the Great Lakes, was the first iron war-vessel built anywhere in the world. Notwithstanding all these facts, however, America allowed England, quick to appreciate the advantage of constructing both merchant and naval vessels of iron, to take the lead in the development of iron and steel construction. The American builders were constructing clipper-ships which could travel almost as rapidly as the steam-propelled craft, and thus adherence to conservatism cost the republic a supremacy which now, after more than a third of a century, the United States is just setting out in earnest to recover.

The introduction of metal as material for hulls transformed ship-building into a much more exact science. During all the years intervening between the period of the Roman galley and the passing of wooden walls, the designers and builders of vessels were dependent for their skill almost solely upon practical experience, but it was quickly demonstrated that the lines and proportionate dimensions which could be counted upon to give the sailing-ship stability and speed were ill suited to steamers fitted with paddle-wheels, and even less to those dependent upon screw propulsion. Thus was inaugurated a new régime, under which the naval architect shares equally with the ship-builder responsibility for the completed vessel.

A comprehensive glance over the ship-building record of the past one hundred years cannot fail to give the impression, by no means absent in the case of some other industries, that the greater part of the century was consumed in preparations preliminary to the development during the closing decades. The first three-quarters of the century were in a certain sense the period of waiting; the last has been that of achievement. Within a comparatively few years the compound, the triple-expansion, and the quadruple-expansion engines have succeeded each other, and the evolution in the power of boilers and auxiliary machinery of all kinds for use on shipboard has been quite as rapid. Thus the transatlantic liner of twenty-five years ago had but five thousand horse-power, comparatively a small showing when set over against the forty-five thousand horse-power which can be developed in the engine-room of the latest addition to the oceanic passenger fleet.

At the opening of the present century there were in the world less than half a hundred ship-yards of all kinds, and a considerable portion of them did not meet, even in a remote sense, the present interpretation of the term. To-day there are more than seven hundred yards located in fourteen of the principal countries of the globe and their colonies, and more than two-thirds of the total number of plants are devoted almost exclusively to steel-ship building.

There is now constructed in the ship-yards of the world each year more than a thousand vessels. Of this number something like seven hundred vessels come from British builders, while the United States stands second with something like one hundred and fifty vessels. When it is stated that the steamers *St. Paul* and *St. Louis*, the largest vessels yet built in America, are each of something over 11,000 tons burden, the reader gains some idea of the meaning of twenty-eight million tons burden, which, in the figures of the shipping-man, represents the magnitude of the world's fleet. Of all the vessels afloat on all seas, rivers, and lakes throughout the globe, Great Britain and her colonies own almost a half. Here again America has second place, but it is scarcely creditable, for the ships which fly the Stars and Stripes constitute scarcely one-twelfth of the huge squadron required to transact the world's commerce. In war-ship building also Great Britain has been careful to maintain the supremacy which she has had since the advent of steel. It has been her policy to maintain a naval fleet equal to the combined strength of any two other powers, and thus she has under construction to-day more armored vessels than France and Russia combined.

The closing years of the nineteenth century have seen also the opening of the era of the large ship. There are now in service or under construction about thirty passenger steamers, each of which exceeds five hundred feet in length. Half a dozen of them will help restore the American flag to a proud position on the high seas, while the remainder of the monsters are about evenly divided between Germany and Great Britain. For a time the attainment of maximum speed was the principal object sought in the construction of these huge vessels, and some of them are capable of making thirty miles per hour, which is, of course, as high a rate as many passenger trains attain. Of late, however, there has been a revulsion of feeling, and sentiment seems to favor a vessel of more moderate speed, but which will be capable of arriving in port on time no matter what kind of weather is encountered.

With the fundamental principles of a science thoroughly understood by its devotees, the field is fruitful for novel innovations of all kinds, and this is exactly the position occupied to-day by naval architecture and marine engineering. Indeed the tendency is already made apparent by the introduction of innovations, ranging all the way from the submarine to triple screws, which latter, it has been proven by Rear-Admiral Melville of the United States navy, will drive a vessel at a considerably higher speed than the twin propellers heretofore in use.

The century now passing has also seen the inception of ideas which will have a most important bearing on the future. Prominent among these is the plan devised by Mr. C. A. Pasons, an English inventor, for applying the power derived from steam-turbines to the propulsion of a vessel. So successfully was this done that an experimental vessel has been operated at a speed of more than forty miles per hour. Worthy of special mention also is the creation of those powerful vessels known as ice-crushers, which will ultimately permit all-the-year-round communication by water with many ports in Siberia, on the St. Lawrence River, and elsewhere, which are now commercially dead during several months of the year.

The work of revolutionizing the character and construction of freight and passenger carrying craft has been no less sweeping in scope on the inland rivers and streams of the world than on the high seas. By reason of her possession of the great Mississippi River and its connecting streams, the United States has perhaps led in the construction of vessels which, while drawing only about thirty inches of water, will carry hundreds of tons of freight and dozens of passengers. Something of the magnitude of this branch of the industry may be imagined when it is stated that a single ship-yard at Jeffersonville, Indiana, has in half a century turned out more than six hundred river steamers. Light-draught steamers of similar construction are being used to carry the mails on South-American rivers; were used as gunboats by the British in their advance up the Nile; and have been carried overland in sections by natives to the interior of Africa.

On the Great Lakes of America—those huge inland seas, aggregating a thousand miles in length and holding a third of the fresh water on the globe—the progress of the century is indicated by the contrast between the picture of an Indian canoe and that of a fleet of several thousand steel vessels, many of them equal in size to the ocean liners of a few years since. There are located on the shores of the unsalted seas seventy boat-building plants, and they have produced a fresh-water fleet of more than three thousand vessels.

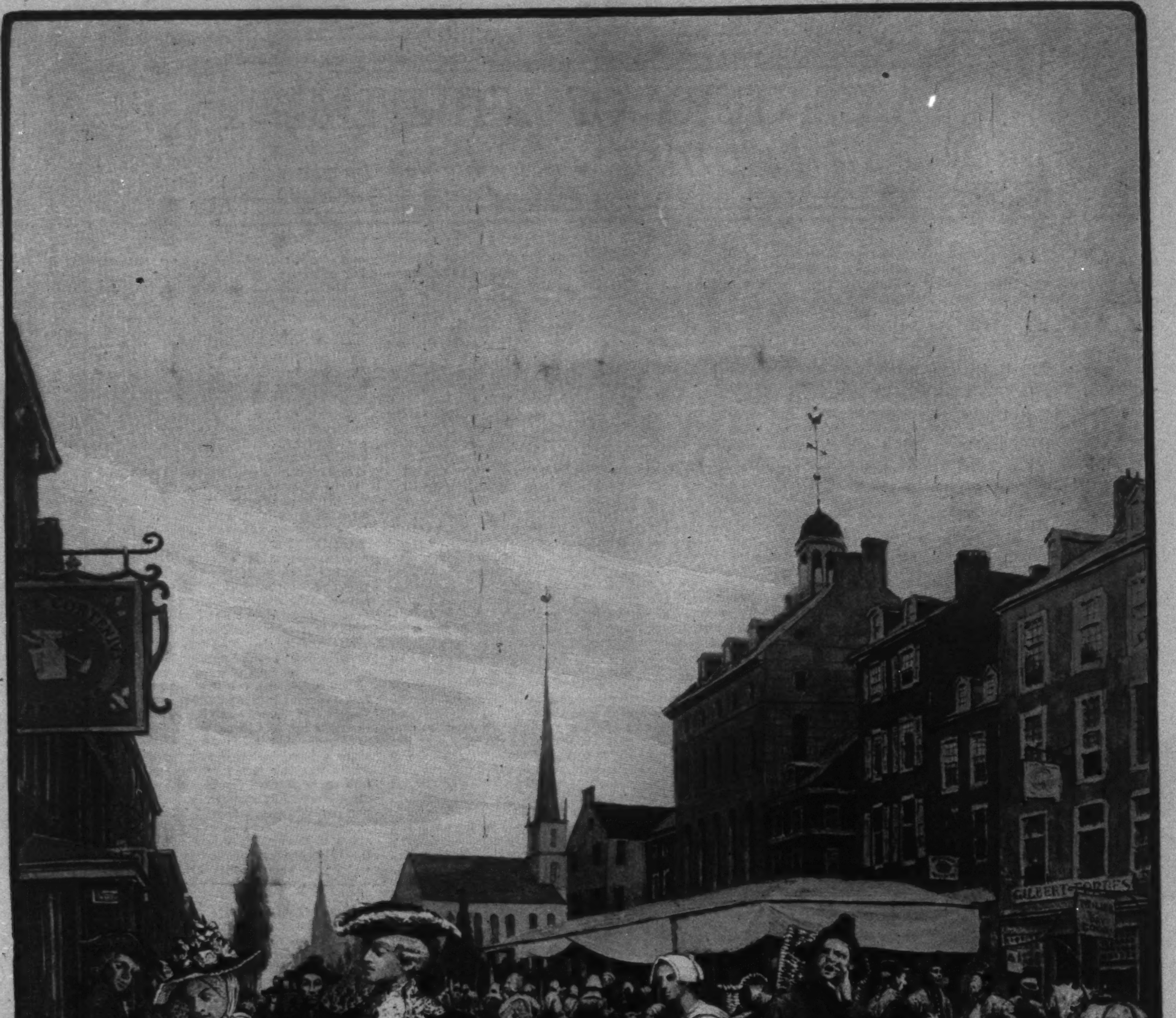
The nineteenth century has given to the world many new types of pleasure craft, including privately owned vessels far more sumptuous in their way than the famed barge of Cleopatra. Each of the crowned heads of Europe has some form of private yacht, and instances have been common within the past few years where wealthy men have expended half a million dollars for a private vessel, more than half as long as an oceanic passenger steamer, and costing fully $10,000 per month to maintain.

The development of our water-craft to their present stage of perfection would not have been possible but for the assistance rendered by the new motive forces which the century has brought forth. For instance, we have tools driven by compressed air which drive rivets many times as rapidly as a man could do, and which make it possible to put in place within seven months the five thousand tons of iron and steel which must be provided before a battle-ship of the largest type can be launched. Electricity has rendered even greater service. It lights and steers our vessels, makes communication possible between all parts of a battle-ship, and, finally, hoists the ammunition and fires the big guns.

The dry dock, and particularly the floating type, is an invention necessitated by this progressive age. In the old days when it was desired to clean or repair a ship the craft was simply hauled out on a suitable beach, but with the advent of battle-ships which displace some fifteen thousand tons of water this would manifestly be an impossibility. To adopt a homely simile, a floating dry dock is nothing more than a huge box, open at the ends, into which the ship is floated, the ends closed, and the water pumped out. It is termed "lifting" a vessel, and a huge floating dock—the largest in the world—now building for the United States government will be able to raise that queen of the seas the *Oceanic* in less than three hours.

The future of ship-building almost baffles prediction. Many of the best-informed men in the world believe that the new century will see the supremacy in this most potent of industries transferred from Great Britain to America, and certain it is that Germany will erelong take her place among the greatest of naval and maritime powers. There is a revulsion of feeling from that sentiment which until recently made maximum speed the first consideration with transatlantic tourists, but, on the other hand, the demand grows stronger each day for the discovery of devices which shall provide more and greater safeguards for the lives of passengers at sea.

The future of marine engineering is, perhaps, dependent to as slight an extent upon outside influences as any force existent, but certainly no other is contributory in so great a degree to commercial and industrial development. Indeed, it is doubtful if any other one element has so direct a bearing as water-borne commerce on the prosperity of every inhabitant of the civilized world. Every innovation, therefore, which tends to contribute to greater economy of time or money in transportation enterprises means added comfort for every household.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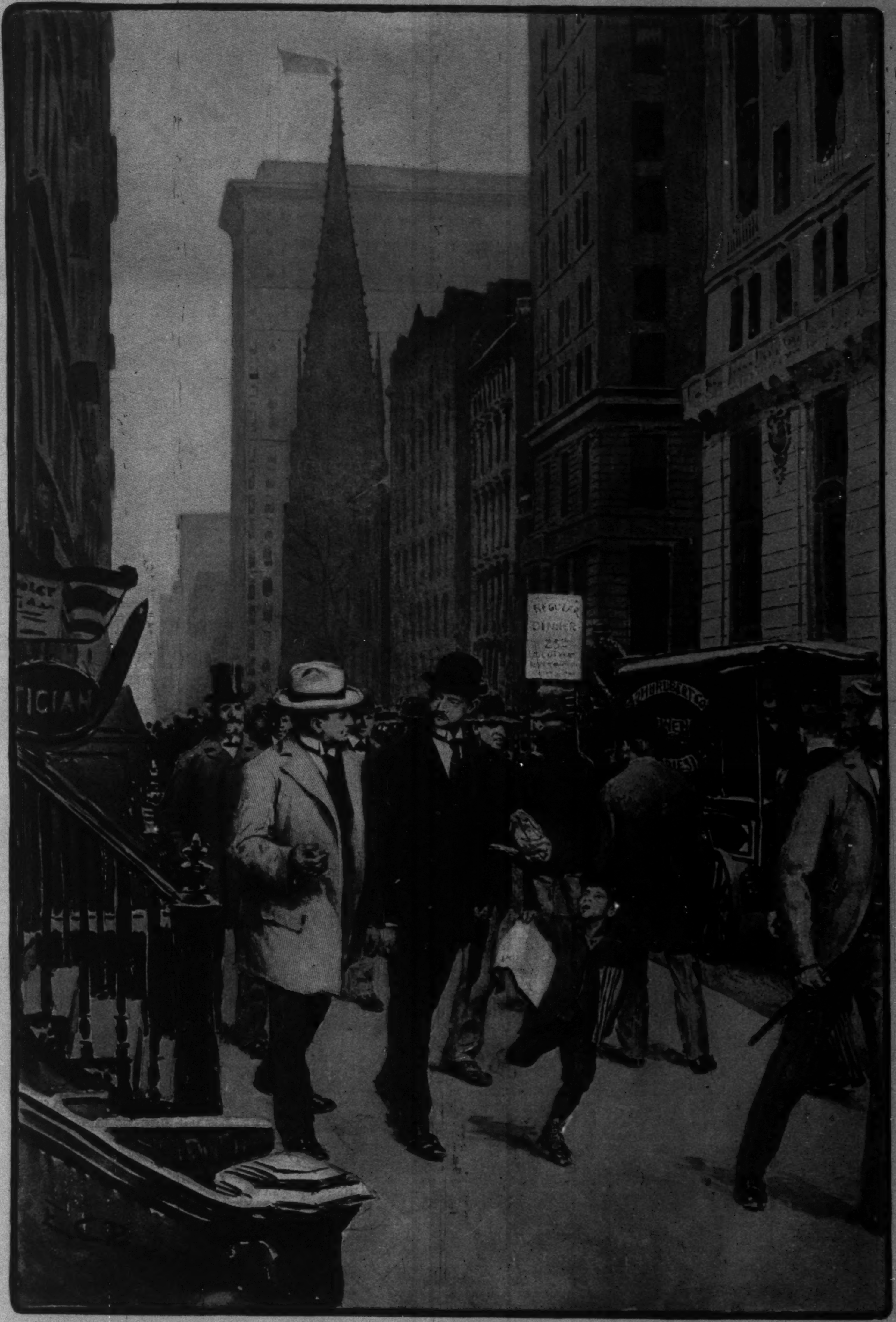
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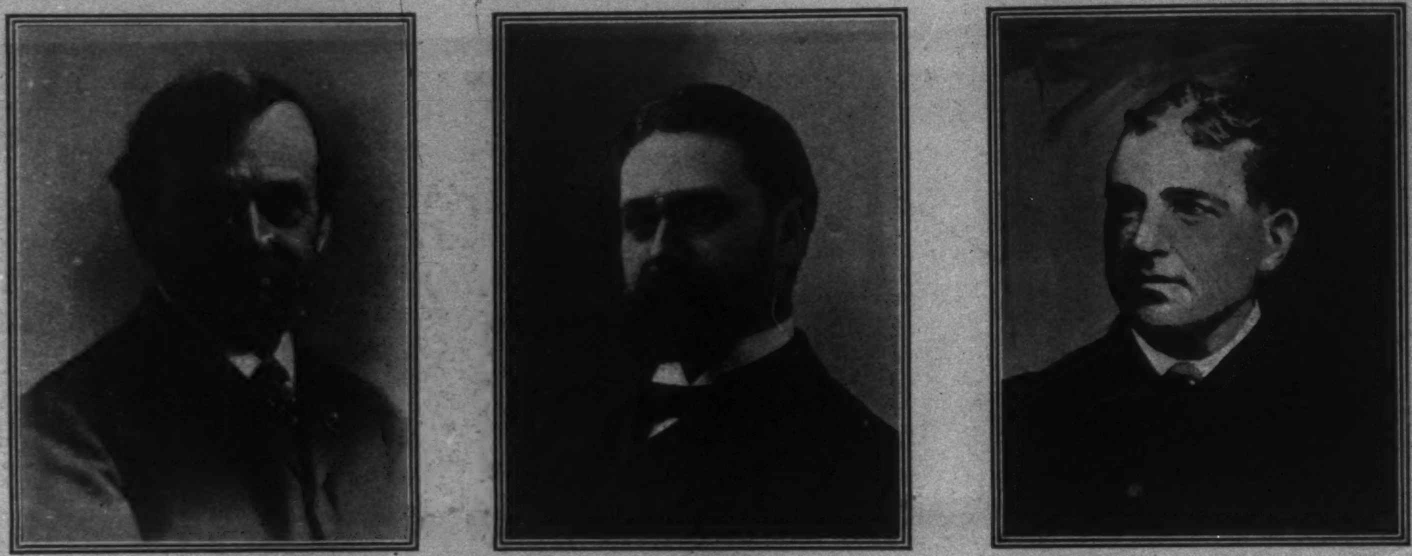


George Haven Putnam. Professor E. R. A. Seligman. William J. O'Brien.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE AUTHORITIES IN THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.

THE PASSING OF THE ITINERANCY. *By A. C. Wheeler*

THE abolishment by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of what is known in that Church as the "time limit" in the appointment of its clergymen closes out finally the last vestige of the Itinerancy, which had lived on down in modified forms to the present. The decision of the conference must have been a matter of surprise to the bulk of that Church in the Middle and Western States; for whatever may be its expediency, and it would be presumptuous in a lay observer to question the wisdom of so august a body as the General Conference, the decision relegates to tradition one of the most distinctive features of Wesleyan Methodism, and seals up in the historic yestermorn one of the most heroic, romantic, and intrepid eras of religious enthusiasms and hardihood that our country or any other has known.

Very few persons of our time, outside of the sect which early in the century identified itself both with democracy and evangelicalism when it was not comfortable to do so, have a clear idea of what a splendid episode was made in unwritten history by that Itinerancy. The rude chivalry of it has no Froissart. Its records are buried in brief official minutes of the conferences, stored away in faded biographies, or are lost in the bottom of unmarked graves. And yet, from the mere point of view of a common sympathy that thrills at self-sacrificing heroism and invincible zeal, given to any cause whatever, it may be doubted if the whole history of the Christian Church from the time of the Apostles, or the history of enthusiasm and conquering intrepidity outside of the Christian Church in any time, presents any more astonishing group of men. These early nomads of faith districted all that was known of the continent into "circuits," and attired in the "whole armor" of a primitive zeal rode into the teeth of danger and death with a naïve defiance that in any other than their Master's work would by its whole-heartedness have strewn the country with their monuments.

Merely as a phase of our earlier civilization and quite aside from any doctrinal determination, that exultant, on-moving "Voice in the Wilderness" comes militantly down to us now in our static security with a storied stir of eventfulness, and brings with it, if we are attentive, some of the exuberance and ardor of a young nation going up to possess the land.

Very interesting would it be to turn aside here from the narrow limits of review and consider for a moment how on our trackless domain institutional and evangelical religion crossed each other's trail for the first time, each carrying the emblem of Christianity. Father Marquette and Bishop Asbury, representing widely separated extremes of doctrine, preached from the same pulpit of the forest, and planted the same cross with unlike ritual in the same canebrakes and on the same lonely table-lands.

The writer of this article some time ago stood by the overgrown grave of Henry B. Bascom in the beautiful city of Louisville. It was pointed out casually as somehow, but not clearly, associated with events that might have been momentous to our fathers. The name rang in my memory and woke up a child's experience deep imbedded there. I had seen Henry B. Bascom in my own morning-tide. My father had held me up at the outside of a church window when I was eight years old to get a look at him—the crowd was so great that we could not get into the church. That was in Indiana. My mother had told me afterwards why he did it. It was because he wanted me to be able to say, when I grew up, that I had seen and heard "the great Bascom." I looked at the grave as these recollections of a mother's fond estimate came back to me. Nobody had asked me if I had ever heard Bascom, and of course I had never told anybody.

Some kind of confused recognition was in me of a historic Bascom who had been the friend of Henry Clay and served as Chaplain to Congress—but very indistinct this, and for the time being utterly overborne by the tender association that his name had called up. In that momentary after-glow it really seemed to me that I had been recreant to that mother in not telling anybody that I had seen and heard "the great Bascom." I suppose we all have these fine foolishnesses at times. They spring unbidden like the fringed gentian.

But was he great? Such a questioning doubt set me to work in a library to find out. The first cast on the lower shelves brought up Appleton. What stimulating encyclopedic terseness! "Bascom as a pulpit orator was singularly fervid and powerful, and the fame of his eloquence was scarcely surpassed by that of any other public speaker in church or state." Any man of whom that could be said was worth pursuing even to the top shelves, and so I pulled out McClintock and Strong to be told that Bascom was unquestionably the most popular pulpit orator in the United States; that he preached in one year four hundred times and travelled five thousand miles, receiving therefor $12 10, and died worn out with toil in 1850. Against this all the rest that he did must be mere leather and prunella. In a flush of laudable satisfaction I said to myself: "My old mother was right: Bascom was great. I am glad that I saw him."

Now that I was on this old trail, I pulled down from the top shelves *Sprague's Annals*—I forget now how many volumes there are—and all at once I was up to the armpits in the Itinerancy. "Died worn out with toil" turned up regularly. Bascom was not unique even in that. And travel—Bishop Asbury did his six thousand miles a year on any kind of nag his friends provided. There were not only no railroads, there were no roads of any kind, and his seven hundred Itinerants really seemed to emulate him in the amount of ground they got over.

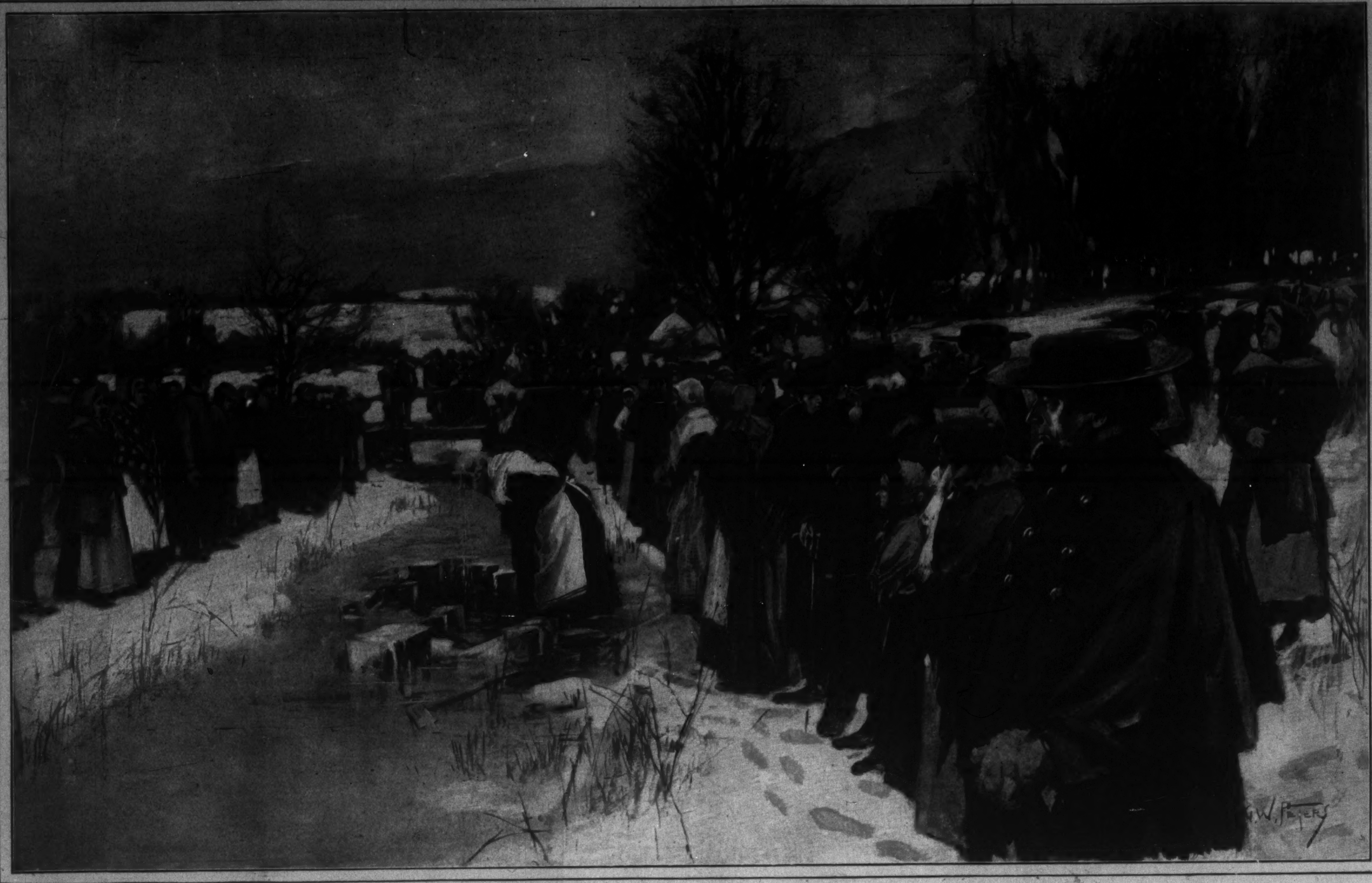
In any exploitation of the old records one is sure to come upon *Wakeley's Heroes* and *Finney's Western Methodism*, quaint memorials written in the patois of the prayer-meeting, and taking one back at times to the cut-and-thrust candor of the Roundheads. Finally I arrived at *Henkle's Life of Bascom*. By this time the outlines of an apostolic Titan had shaped themselves in my mind. Whenever the personal note had been sounded by Finney and the contemporaries of Bascom, you felt the pulse that he had occasioned and you caught the throb of a mighty heart that had passed through the valleys of the Muskingum, the Sciota, and the Wabash. Lisping tongues had tried to tell of an eloquence that held them spellbound or that smote them to the earth, and all that we can gather of it is the wrought emotion of the narrator. None of the strains of this mighty wind-harp that had pulsed through the wilderness is left. The one meagre volume of sermons that may still be found with much searching answers in no respect to the traditions of the preacher. All the wild fervor—those masses of brilliant electrical thought that were struck at the moment and that irradiated and melted have been edited out or they vanished with the personal aura of the speaker. But there can be no question of the magnetic power that he wielded. Veterans along the Ohio and on the dark and bloody reaches of Kentucky, rough pioneers, flatboat men, and cattle-breeders, who had heard him thunder, passed their testimony with their patrimony over to their children, and there are lingering traditions of the times of Henry Clay at Washington when Senators and political orators imitated those backwoodsmen in their admiration of this preacher.

One takes up, therefore, the meagre life by Henkle with acute expectation and follows the career of the Itinerant through the dry and hard details without a clear view of the personality and power of the man, but with a growing knowledge of what the Itinerancy meant, and how notably its dangers, privations, and demands were met and overcome by an internal conviction that was like a chariot of fire. Just here the story is of a farmer's son, scarcely sixteen, without education or intellectual ambition, a drudging farm-hand, born amid the slavish exactions of a pioneer life, putting on his home-made suit and fox-skin cap, the tail of which hung proudly down his back, and going to a bush-meeting with no other definite purpose than to enjoy such rough outing as similarly disposed minds of his own age could furnish. Henkle does not quite see, even while he tells it, that Bascom went through an experience curiously like that of Saul of Tarsus when he "travelled that way." A great light fell upon him. What the objective or subjective phenomenon was is of less concern to the late observer than the instant and abiding transformation of the lad, who seems to have been awakened into both intellectual and moral strength. Henkle has neither the apprehensive insight nor the creative imagination to pluck the amazing from the prosaic, but we ought perhaps to make some allowance, seeing that Henkle himself was a preacher and was probably more familiar with these phenomena than we can be.

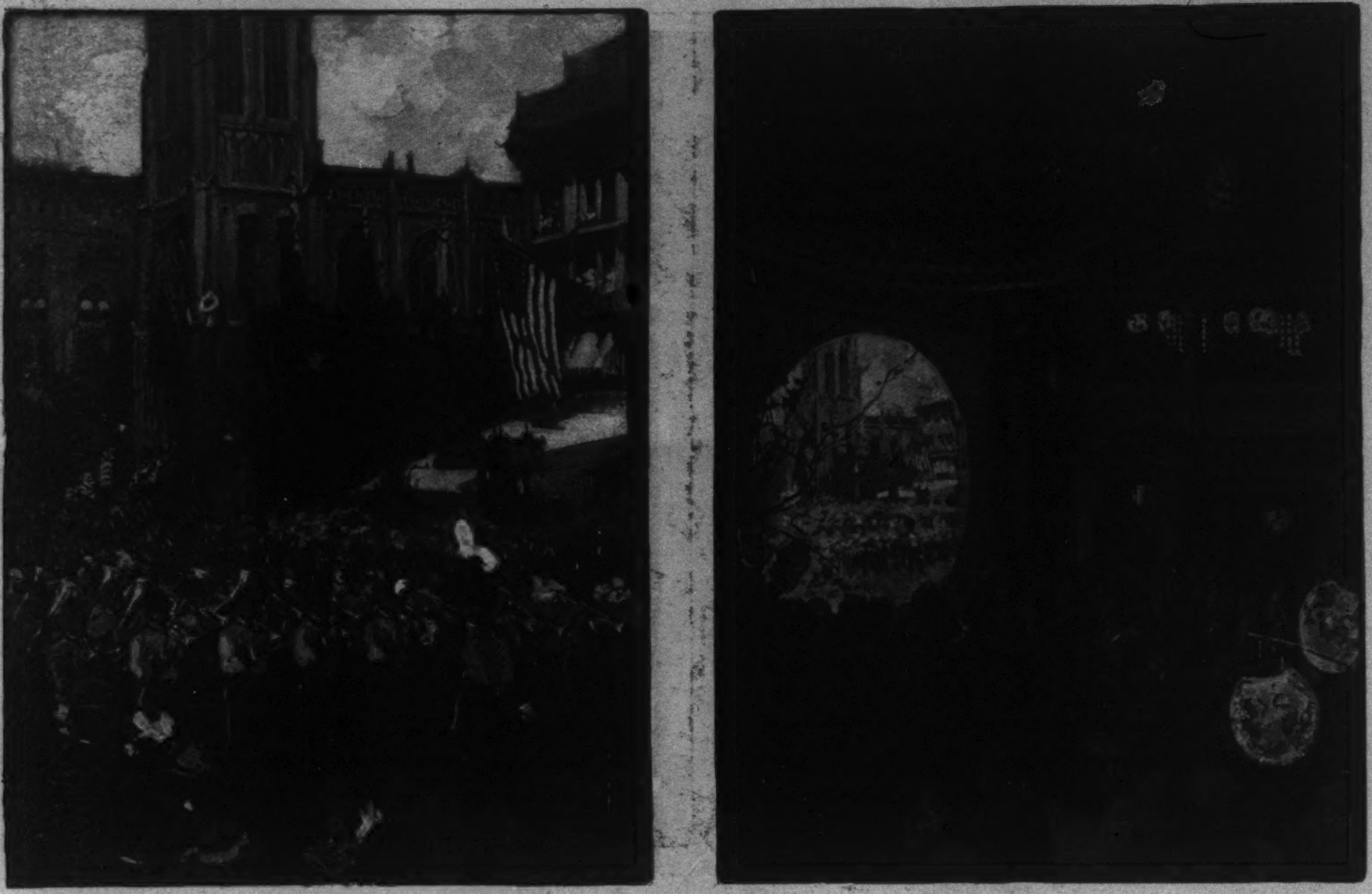
A few days later that uncouth lad attends a quarterly meeting and is called upon to give his experience. How is a home-made lout just out of the furrow to execute at a moment's notice such an incredible psychologic feat as this? We see him standing there twisting his fox-skin cap in his hands, stammering along in search of the syllables that elude him. We hear the encouragement of the presiding elder, "Speak up, brother," and then slowly the seething emotions of the lad shape themselves into winged words. His rude assembly listens with a growing astonishment.

After that he will become a wayfarer and join the Itinerants, and as we read his after-story we see that it is the story, in its essentials, of most of those Itinerants. They consecrated themselves to the wandering. They were to abandon all the ambitions and attachments that are the primal factors of endeavor in life. They were to be homeless, ceaseless, poverty-stricken, hungry, persecuted, and happy, disregarding all the appeals of kindred, of nature, and of a weary body. They were to equip themselves in knowledge without books or schools, lying as Bascom did prone before the flaring pine knots at night to gain their education; picking up some Hebrew and Greek while in the saddle as Asbury did. Such, indeed, is the story of Russell Bigelow, of Beauchamp, John Strange, Axtel, McKendree, and several hundred others—flaming voices that were always coming and going, making for the wilderness something like an apocalyptic dance of fire. Some outlines of Bigelow have been preserved by Eggleston in his *Circuit Rider*, and with less distinctness in *Sprague's Annals*. But the real record has gone over with the emotions it created to the still warm traditions of Ohio and Indiana. All other considerations pass as we fix our attention upon the prodigious disregard which these heroes had for both the immediate rewards and pains of their sojourning. The conviction that this present existence affords no abiding conditions of repose, and that the hereafter is a condition of absolute rest, breaks out continually in all their exhortations and their strivings. Bascom invariably pictures heaven as home, and Bigelow as a final and blissful goal of subsidence and victory. That eternity may itself be a greater Itinerancy is a conception not furnished by the tired emotions, but by the expanding intellect. There is in the thought and more obviously in the character of the circuit-riders a constant guarding against anything like local attachment. They settle down only when broken down, and Asbury, who is at once the captain and the "whip" of the Itinerants, does not think even then that the preachers should settle longer than six months in one spot. They were not pastors to lead their flocks beside still waters, but winged couriers to carry the glad tidings and take some especial pride in dropping by the way-side.

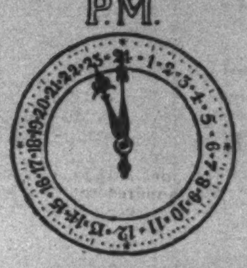
Most of those men dropped, "worn out with toil," into humble graves, and their monuments, if they ever had any, have crumbled, but they left to posterity an example of indomitable pilgrimage and unquenchable faith that in the mere recital must have the clang of armor in it to the Church which has now concluded to "settle down."



WINTER BAPTISM AMONG THE DUNKARDS OF PENNSYLVANIA.



A Procession in New York Visible on a Screen in Peking.



The Future of Long-Distance Communication

By Charles H. Sewall

JUST about a century has elapsed since Charles Lamb wrote to his Australian friend (the letter being ten months in transit) of "my now and your then." Seventy years after the incident of the Lamb letter, telegraph operators using the Morse code of signals and abbreviating their words could converse between New York city and San Francisco at the rate of fifty words per minute. At one-half that speed signal conversations were possible across the Atlantic Ocean.

Nothing but the difficulties of submarine transmission stands in the way of a telegraph operator hearing his own signal reproduced after a passage of the twenty-five thousand miles which measure the earth's circumference; and it is possible, by employing relays of human beings, to transmit words around the world in twenty minutes.

In 1877 came the telephone, now in a stage of development at which the actual transmission of spoken words is commercially practicable at a distance, overland, of one thousand miles.

Fairly good work is being done by the wireless telegraph across a space of fifty or sixty miles; and there is a record of one message passing between moving battle-ships one hundred miles apart.

In the matter of speed, the ordinary hand-telegraph has a probable average of twenty words per minute, and a maximum of fifty words has been attained in competitive trials. The same kind of signals, those made by the movement of a lever, may be sent over land lines at a maximum of three hundred and an average of one hundred and fifty words by an automatic telegraph-machine equipped for simultaneously working, in opposite directions, two circuits over one wire. Through submarine cables machine telegraphy attains a rate of transmission of from thirty to forty words. A number of attempts have been made to use what is called a chemical telegraph. As far back as 1845 Mr. Bain, the original inventor of the system, claimed a speed of two thousand words per minute. In more recent times this has been verified by actual practice; and Mr. Delany, who has given much thought to this problem, says that while business transmission may never exceed three thousand, he has in laboratory experiment sent over an artificial line and plainly recorded eight thousand words per minute.

There are indications of a discovery more wonderful than any heretofore made. It has been found that the electrical resistances of certain materials are varied by differing quantities of light. It is also demonstrated that a beam of light may itself be used for an electrical conductor, as shown in the "photophone" of Professor Bell, and the "radiophone" of Messrs. Hayes and Cram, by which beams of light some hundreds of feet in length have been successfully employed in place of the ordinary wires of a telephone circuit.

This much having been done, it certainly follows that as in the telephone variations in sound at one end of a wire are made to affect the electrical conditions of that wire, and the changes in the electrical wire then made to produce sound waves at the distant end, so light, which is a species of vibration more rapid than sound, may also be made to modify an electric current, and at the distant end that modified current be made to influence light. As all visible objects are impressed upon our senses by differing quantities of light, it will be understood that when these variations of luminous rays can be duplicated at the distant end of an electrical conductor we shall in effect *see through the wire.* The system will, when it comes, probably be named "optograph," although there is a device having a different function already bearing the name.

To illustrate the operation of the looked-for invention, suppose a strong light were reflected from a page of HARPER'S WEEKLY onto a suitable transmitter located in New York city; then rays of light shining upon a screen in Philadelphia might, by a suitable receiving apparatus, be so modified as to show upon the screen all the letters, figures, and pictures of the illuminated page in New York. By such a process thousands of words could be transmitted, not in a minute or in a fraction of a minute, but instantaneously.

THE MAIL

A letter dropped in the collection-box on the corner of 125th Street and Eighth Avenue in New York city at noon on Monday will, if there are no unusual detentions, be delivered to Cottage Grove Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, Chicago, about 9 A.M. on Wednesday, thus consuming forty-five hours in transit. Yet both of these locations are in thickly populated districts of the largest cities in the country; both have unusually good means for the local transportation of mails; each is but a few blocks from its respective post-office, and upon the same street with it; and it is popularly supposed that the mail-trains traverse the space between city and city within twenty-four hours.

I think I am correct in saying that so important and so thickly inhabited a section as the Chicago one just cited has but four daily deliveries, the last one at 4 P.M. Thus it is seen that the first improvements in postal service may well be at the terminals.

The mail-chutes of office-buildings and apartment-houses in our large cities are painfully incomplete. A letter drops from the top to the bottom of a building with the accelerated speed due to gravity, and stays in the collection-box at the bottom sometimes for hours. With very little additional power it may, and in the future it probably will, continue its journey to the postal station *viâ* an in-draft pneumatic tube.

It is also probable that to buildings which can afford service connection to the main postal-pipes, selective out-draft tubes will deliver all first-class mail. The arrangement for such service would be very simple. The post-office clerk could signal through an electrical conductor to the needed building, and at that place a valve could connect service pipe and main tube, while at the same time it would close the main tube beyond the selected delivery.

For long lines of transmission the equipment is likely to grow to underground ducts, within which electrically propelled cars may be run upon tracks at a speed reaching at least two hundred miles per hour; and the same means will be available for the passage of mails between different postal stations in the same city.

Suppose, then, that with coming methods a letter be placed in a collection-box in New York city at noon on Monday; at the expiration of five minutes it will be in a sub-postal station; at the end of ten minutes more in the New York main post-office. Its passage to Chicago will take up five hours and fifteen minutes; delivery to Chicago sub-station and selective service through local tube to final destination, say ten minutes more; and the end of the journey will be at 5.35 P.M., practically five and one-half hours in transit, as against forty-five hours at present.

The conduit structure, hereinafter described, which contains the electrical conductors, may be used in part for postal work. In ducts, perhaps six inches high, may be placed the tracks over which will pass continuous streams of mail-bearing cars.

CONDUCTING MEDIA

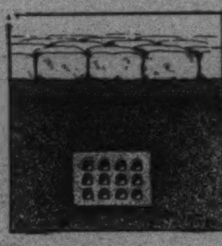
Will electrical long-distance transmission of intelligence be done through the air without wires, over wires upon poles, or by wires underground?

The answer to that question is, that wireless telegraphy and telephony will undoubtedly have fields more or less circumscribed; and that wires upon poles, except for local distribution, will be almost entirely replaced by subterranean construction.

While Marconi's successes are widely chronicled, as, indeed, they deserve to be, there is little said about the limitations of his apparatus. But it is difficult to understand in what way it will be possible so to compensate for continual and often violent changes in atmospheric conditions as ever to make his devices sufficiently reliable for every-day transmission over long distances.

The disappearance of overhead construction will be due to its vulnerability to all sorts of pernicious influences. Imagine the number of accidents that may occur upon a line fifteen hundred miles long, and then take into account that every rain-storm, every thunder-shower, every gale of wind, happening in any part of that far-reaching stretch, defers the time of delivery of the waiting telegram.

So far as physical possibilities are concerned, there exists to-day sufficient knowledge to specify the requirements of underground circuits for conveying either speech or rapid telegraphic signals a distance of fifteen hundred miles. The plans would probably call for a structure of artificial stone pierced lengthwise with chambers, each one being four inches in diameter. These chambers, or "ducts," as they are technically termed, to be receptacles for wires separated from one another by dry air and dry paper, and hermetically sealed within lead pipes. Under government control and with severe penalties against meddlers there would be nothing in such a construction to undergo, for an indefinite period, any change for the worse.



Underground Conduit.

TELEPHONY

For talking short distances the telephone instrument of to-day is nearly perfect. The improvement for transmitting speech over longer distances than now will be in the direction of better arrangements in circuits.

On May 18, 1900, Dr. Pupin of Columbia University read before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers a paper upon the subject of transmitting electric telephone currents over long-distance conductors.

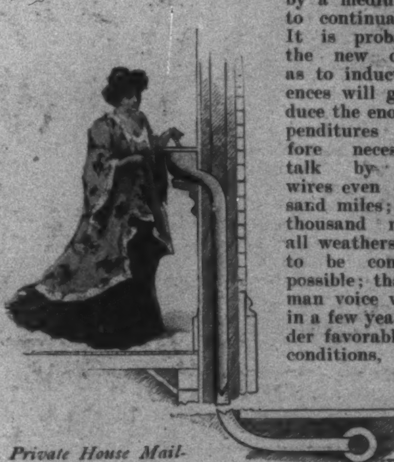
Previous to the theories therein advanced the only known way to overcome obstacles due to what is termed "static capacity" was to increase the size and consequently the weight and cost of conductors. The amount of copper necessary was governed by a ratio which constantly increased as the distance was prolonged. One thousand miles had been reached with fairly good results, but beyond that the great cost of needed material seemed to render further progress prohibitive.

Acting upon the suggestions of an English scientist (Mr. Heaviside), telephone engineers had experimented by introducing into long telephone circuits coils of small wire at frequently recurring points; but the results were disappointing. Dr. Pupin's contributions are full directions, mathematically proved, and demonstrated by successful laboratory experiment, as to the manner in which such coils shall be made and in which they shall be put into the line.

In the experiment an artificial device, corresponding in every electrical condition to a circuit in a telephone cable, was made in sections, which, connected together, represented a conductor two hundred and fifty miles long. Over this conductor transmission was with ordinary methods "impossible at distances over one hundred and twelve miles." With the new arrangements (insertion of coils in proper places), conversation over the entire length of cable "could be carried on as rapidly as one chose to do."

I understand that experimental practice over actual telephone lines of great length has verified the inventor's claims. Reduced to net results his discoveries should enable the telephone company to do business from New York to Chicago with cables containing one hundred pairs of comparatively small wires—which cables have heretofore been impracticable for distances of one hundred miles—and to make possible a telephone conversation across the Atlantic Ocean.

Under ground or under the sea conductors are completely surrounded by insulations and other protections which render their electrical conditions practically constant. But wires upon poles are surrounded by a medium subject to continual change. It is probable that the new discoveries as to inductive influences will greatly reduce the enormous expenditures heretofore necessary to talk by overhead wires even one thousand miles; that two thousand miles "in all weathers" is soon to be commercially possible; that the human voice will, within a few years and under favorable weather conditions, reach from New York to San Francisco; and if at any time it becomes possible to find an atmospheric status uniformly good through so great a distance, the sum of human knowledge is now enough to transmit speech over a continuous aerial circuit six thousand miles in length.



Private House Mail-tubes.

Dr. Pupin is also the inventor of methods of utilizing what he terms "electrical resonance," which methods are now being investigated by the owners of the Marconi system as a possible means of putting in harmony the sending and receiving instruments of each set of its apparatus with a view of preventing not only interference between different wireless circuits, but also the passage of communications into unauthorized hands.

TELEGRAPHY

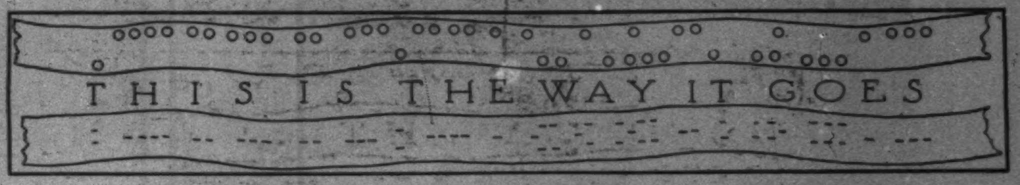
Unless humanity be provided with something resembling instantaneous transportation of solid substance the mail will be too long in transit for the carriage of thought. The telephone will be too meagre as to volume of matter which can be transmitted. It seems probable, therefore, that the telegraph will gradually absorb much of the present business of the other two, and become the principal channel of long-distance communication.

The machine telegraph in general use at the present time is named "Wheatstone." In this device a paper tape is perforated by an operator. The perforations and the spacing of uncut paper between them serve, when passed through the machine, to make and break an electric circuit in lieu of making and breaking it by hand, as is done in the Morse system. At the receiving end the machine shows dots and lines in ink upon another paper tape.

A new invention, called the Murray Page Printer, is a system in which the manipulation of a type-writer key-board perforates a paper tape. When this tape is run through the telegraphing machine there is reproduced in a paper tape at the distant end of the circuit exact duplicates of the perforations fed in at the sending end. This duplicate paper tape may then be sent through another machine which automatically translates into a page of printed characters.

It is presumable that the Murray will perform its translations both at the sending and receiving ends with somewhat greater celerity than the Wheatstone, but as compared with the latter it has the disadvantage of more complicated mechanism.

The chemical telegraph, previously mentioned in this article as showing almost unlimited speed, also uses a perforated paper ribbon as a sending device, but its received signals are made upon a chemically prepared and moist paper strip which forms part of an electric circuit. Whenever the current is "on," its passage from a pen which rests upon the receiving tape to another connection with the moist paper (which latter connection completes the circuit) causes discolorations which may be made to take the form of the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet.



The Delany System of Rapid Chemical Telegraphy.

As long ago as 1870 Mr. Edward Everett Hale wrote as to the advantages of teaching children the "long and short alphabet," suggesting that outside of its telegraphic function it could have many useful applications. The memorizing by the people at large of forty characters of such a code as the Morse, representing letters, figures, and punctuation marks, would save untold hours of labor by telegraphic copyists, and simplify the whole problem of communication.

In addition every one's powers of expression would be increased, persons knowing the code being able to converse with each other at any distance over which could be seen a flag, or flashes from a mirror or from a lamp (as in a search-light), or could be heard the tones of bells or of other sounds.

The prediction is made that the telegraph of the future will comprise four classes of messages, for which from highest to lowest will be charged tolls according to the following:

1. A message tendered in manuscript (or type-written) form and requiring immediate transmission and immediate delivery, the latter being also in manuscript form. To be sent by hand, Morse system, the only translation being through the minds of the sending and receiving operators, the loss of time by such translation being practically nil.

2. A telegram tendered in type-written form which must be delivered in the same form, but which will admit of moderate delay. To be sent by a system analogous to the "Murray." Double, but automatic, translation.

3. A telegram tendered in the form of perforated tape, but requiring translation before delivery. To be sent by chemical telegraph. One translation by hand.

4. A telegram tendered in the form of perforated tape and delivered on a paper strip in dot-and-line alphabet. To be sent in strict order of filing. No translation either at receiving point or terminus.

All first-class telegrams to be made by special messenger.

Second, third, and fourth class messages to be made by special messenger for an additional rate of charge.

Three times since the year 1845 the chemical telegraph has been tried in actual practice, and three times it has failed.

The conditions existing in the early days of telegraphy were—small accumulations of matter at any one point and comparatively few points; lines so erratic as to their electrical conditions as to compel constant changes in adjustment; very little knowledge of inductive influences, and none at all as to subterranean construction.

The Morse system is simple; is under perfect control by the operator. As it requires no outward and visible translation the message is ready, when received, for instant delivery. It is slow, but was otherwise admirably adapted for the conditions of 1850; and it prevailed.

Future conditions will be—large accumulations of matter at many stations; lines absolutely unchangeable as to their electrical conditions; full knowledge as to inductive influences; and perfect subterranean construction.

The chemical telegraph has no responsive or synchronized moving parts; is extremely simple; none but initial daily adjustment will be required; if the public learn the dot-and-line alphabet no translations will be needed; there is a future possibility of repeating its tapes from circuit to circuit over long jumps to an indefinite distance without retranslation; it has powers of speed seemingly unlimited. I believe it will be the principal telegraphic device of the future.

Here is the domestic picture of 1950: A lady in New York wishing to talk with her sister in St. Paul will with a little machine perforate a paper ribbon, both machine and paper being made and sold by the national government.

The prepared paper will be her telegram making an appointment two hours in advance for a telephone conversation. This address, which is to be read by the post-office employés at St. Paul, must be done in a regulation alphabet. For the remainder of the message she may use some other long-and-short-line alphabet, or employ cipher words in the government code.

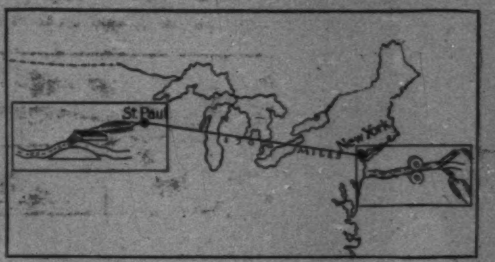
She will pay for the sending of this tape so much per inch of length, and, to an envelope marked "Telegram, St. Paul, Minnesota," will affix in stamps seven cents for tariff charges, and will then drop the sealed envelope in a pneumatic collection-tube near her writing-desk.

The telegram will not lose time in translation nor give up its secrets, and fifteen minutes after the drop in tube at New York will be delivered to consignee at St. Paul. An answering acknowledgment will be duly received by the same methods, and at the designated time the parties will talk from their own houses.

The telegraphic route will be by pneumatic tube from New York house to sub-station; by motor-and-track tube to main station. At the latter point the envelope will be opened, and the tape proceed through a series of guides to await its turn at the chemical telegraph transmitter on the New York and St. Paul direct circuit. Its actual passage by telegraph (the long jump) will require less than a half-second. By track tube in St. Paul it will go to the proper sub-station, and thence by pneumatic and selective tube to the household in St. Paul.

All this may be done with perfect reliability and in spite of "sleet, and hail, and thunder, and ye winds that rave" along the whole or any portion of the traversed space.

So far I have dealt with probability. Let me now ask the reader's indulgence while there is brought together the applications of different discoveries to make with the interweaving of a few missing links a dream of possible scientific achievement.



From New York to St. Paul in Half a Second.

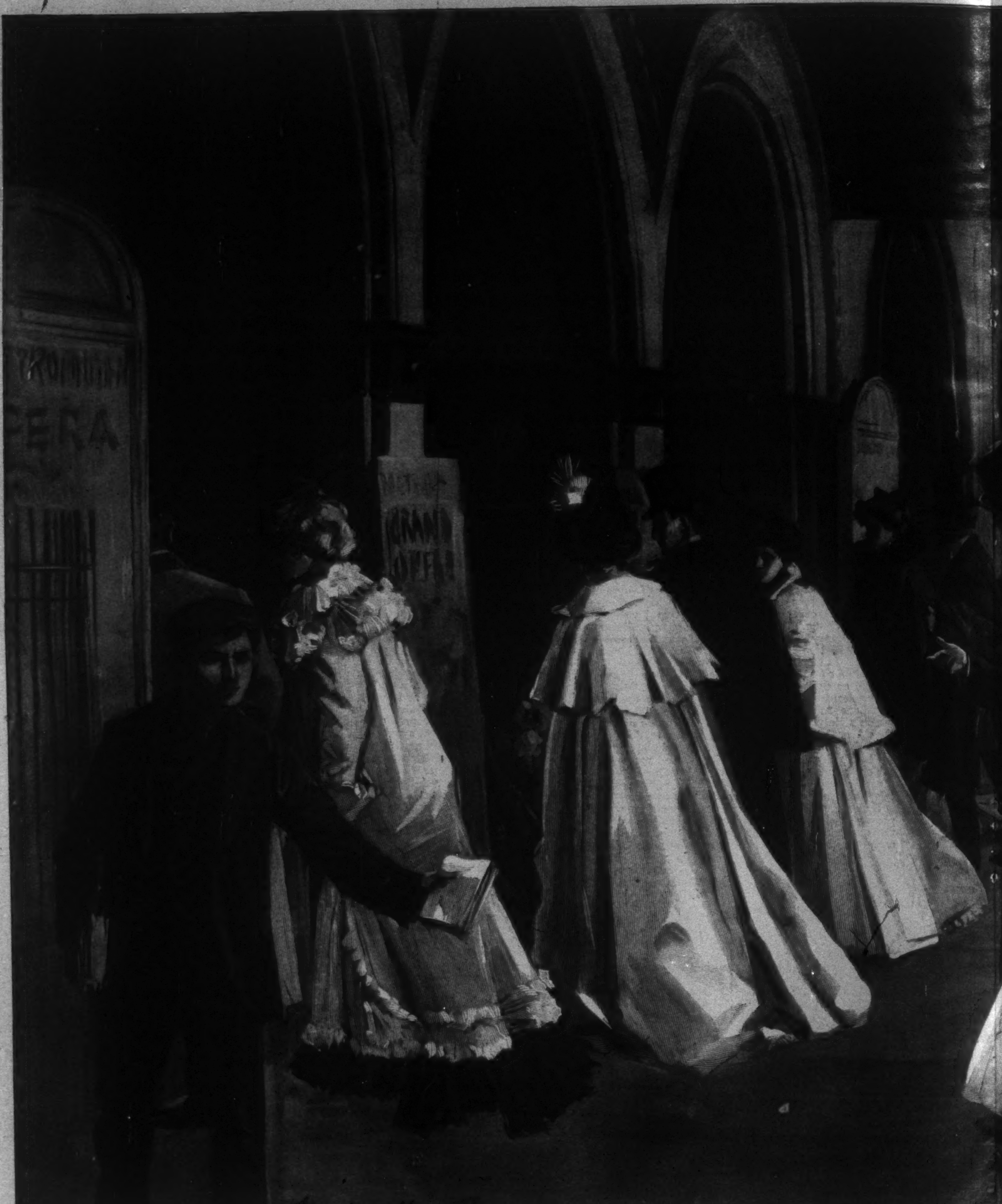
At this day scenes may be photographed with sufficient rapidity to record movement, and exhibited as moving pictures.

Instantaneous reproduction of an exposed plate as a lantern slide is as yet unaccomplished; but is it not a fair possibility?

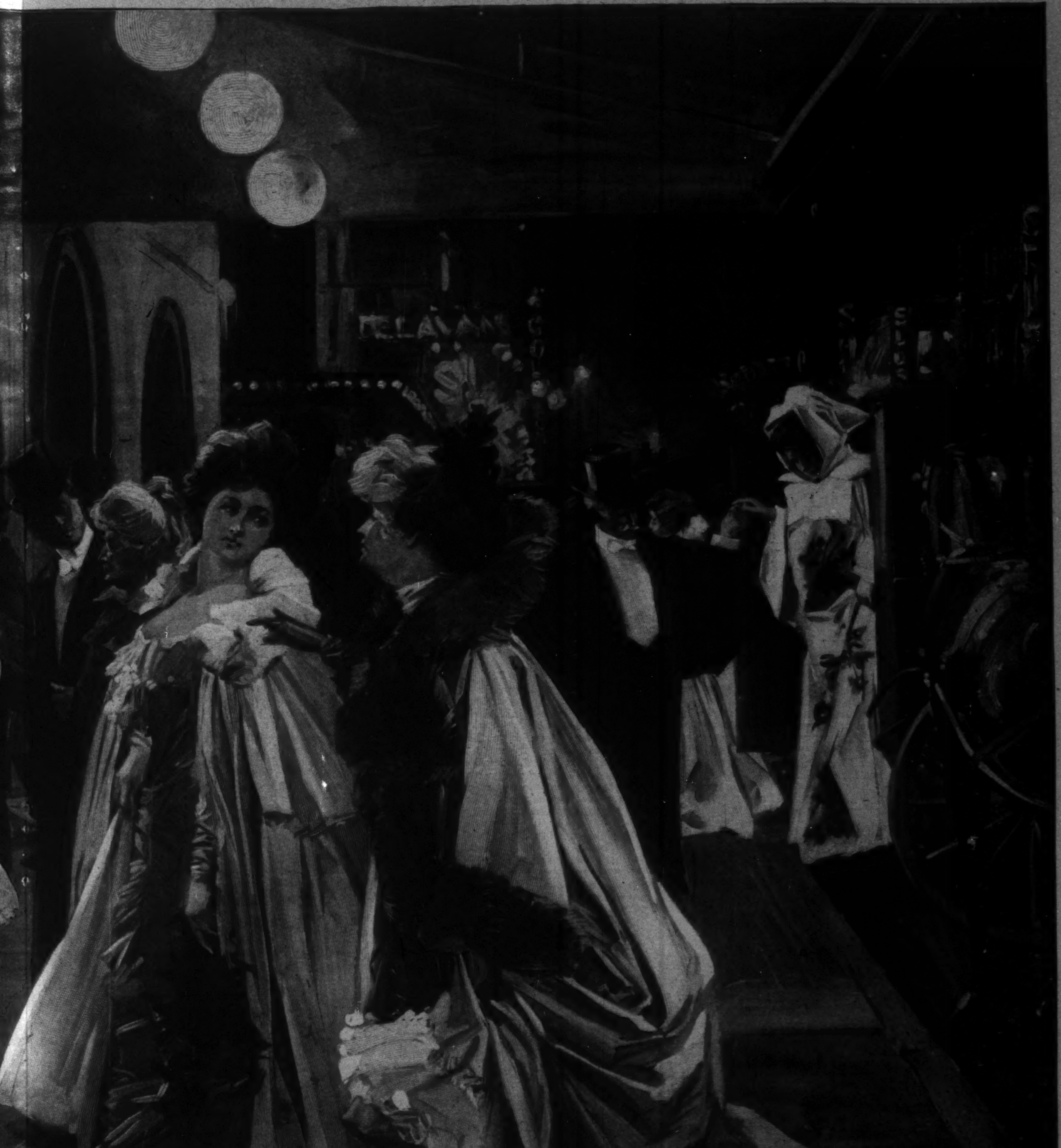
Either selenium or carbon placed in the path of an electric current is responsive to variations of light upon its surface, and will through the medium of a receiving telephone make these variations perceptible to human sense and thought as sound of spoken words. Does not this process unmistakably presage the ultimate transfer of sight by an electric wire.

Steady advancement in long-distance telephony and rapid improvement in the efficiency of subterranean cables indicate the finally perfect control of electric conducting media.

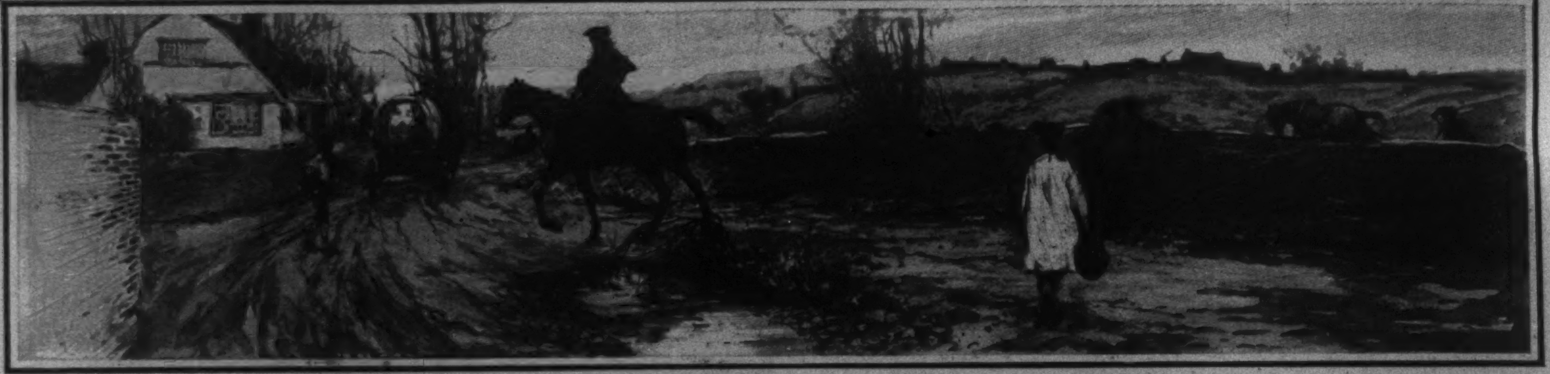
With the instantaneous printing and development of photographic negative, the evolution from radiophone to optograph, and perfect control of conductors, all these things being thinkably possible, the child born to-day in New York city, when in middle age he shall visit China, may see reproduced upon a screen, with all its movement and color, light and shade, a procession at that moment passing along his own Broadway. A telephone line will bring to his ear music and the tramp of marching men. While the American pageant passes in the full glare of the morning sun its transmitted rays will scintillate upon the screen amid the darkness of an Asian night. Sight and sound will have unlimited reach through terrestrial space. The Occidental "now" will have ceased to be the Oriental "then."



THE OPENING NIGHT OF



THE GRAND OPERA SEASON



A Night with the Nabob

By Edward Boltwood

I

WHEN the drawer ushered me into the upper room at the Rose I was received with a welcoming eye from none of the four men assembled there around the table. Amberly and Sconce both gave me black looks, Frothingham was far too gone in wine to favor me with any look at all, and as for Dr. Tod, the little lame scholar, he was in such an alarm at the helpless state of our friend that he had no thought for greeting a new guest.

“I give you a good-evening, gentlemen,” said I, “and ask your pardon for this intrusion. I happened to be taking an honest bottle in the tap, and Simon told me Mat Frothingham was here. I thought he was alone, but now I'll take my leave, seeing that he is in such good hands.”

I had no intention of going, but I bowed to Amberly, against whom I had long since sworn a bitter quarrel; with Sconce I had then no acquaintance, except that I knew him for as mean a scoundrel as there is in our profession.

“Hold, Jack!” cried Frothingham, thickly, staggering to his feet. “Take glass wine—dear old Jack—before go. Mis' Shtaplet'n—my frien's.”

The effort was too much for him and he sank again with his head upon the table. I began to share Dr. Tod's troubled surprise, for never had I seen Mat Frothingham in such a plight.

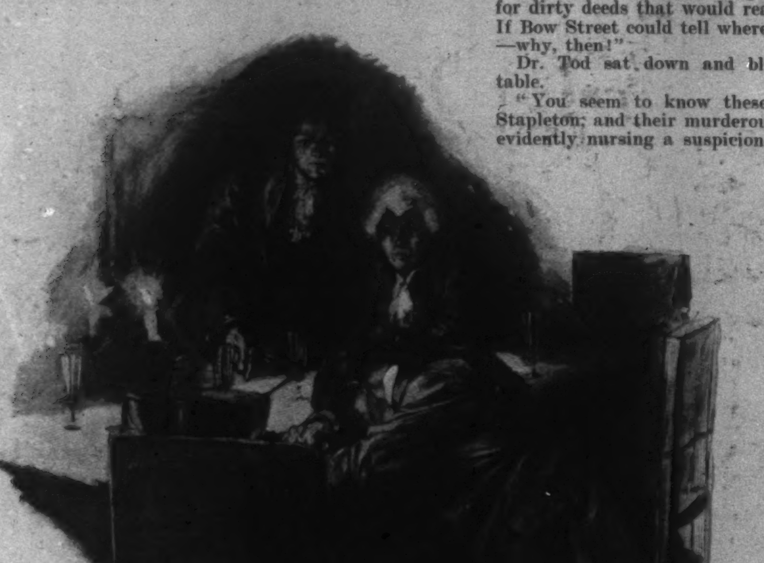
Amberly arose with burlesque and mocking ceremony.

“Mr. Stapleton and I,” said he, “have met before.”

“And once when I had the pleasure of giving Mr. Amberly a lesson,” I rejoined, lightly. I was alluding, of course, to the time I beat him blue with a loaded whip for insulting a woman on Hounslow Heath.

“A lesson for which I can never sufficiently repay you,” said he, with an ugly smirk. “Mr. Sconce, your arm.”

“Must you be off, sirs?” stammered Dr. Tod, straining an effort to be courteous. “Ours has been a pleasant evening; 'tis a pity to have it end so,” and he pointed to the figure beside him.



THOMAS. FOGARTY.

“The Man is Drugged!”

“Take care he be not robbed,” cried Sconce, in a high womanish voice. “The neighborhood has dangerous company, I'm told.” Amberly and he both grinned with tongues in their cheeks, as the saying is.

“The company may not be so dangerous after a bit,” I said. “Is this your hat, sir? Good-night to you.”

They slammed the door and I could hear them chuckling on the landing.

“Come now,” said the cripple, “that's an excellent riddance. I do not know the men; they fastened themselves to us at the play, and stuck like leeches.”

“As precious a pair of rogues as there is in all London,” I replied, “and worthy of hemp long since. What have they been up to here? It is not like them to leave a drunken man with his pockets full of a rich uncle's money.”

We both laid hands on Mat, trying to rouse him, but it was useless. The fellow was like a log.

“Poor Frothingham!” exclaimed the doctor. “Never did I know him befuddled before. And, as I live, we had but claret to our dinner and naught after the comedy, except the single bowl of punch. It is miraculous.”

I smelled a mouse.

“Which was his glass?” I cried. “Which glass did he use?”

Dr. Tod, wondering, pointed the tumbler to me. There was some liquor in it still. I raised it to my lips, sniffed, tasted, and set it back on the table with a bang.

“Just as I thought,” said I. “Mother Moss's powder, by all that's infernal!”

“I don't understand,” queried the doctor, in bewilderment.

“The man is drugged—they fixed his drink. Bah—I hate such business.”

“But to what end? Surely they could not have robbed him before my very eyes.”

“I'm not so sure of that,” I retorted, something grimly. “When I said those villains were due upon the gallows, I meant nothing less. They have a record for dirty deeds that would reach from here to Tyburn. If Bow Street could tell where to lay hands upon them—why, then!”

Dr. Tod sat down and blinked at me across the table.

“You seem to know these men mighty well, Mr. Stapleton; and their murderous powders, too,” he said, evidently nursing a suspicion. And in this, indeed, I could not blame him.

“That's as you please,” said I. “I owe Amberly nothing but enmity; if I can balk him now, I'll mark the night with a red letter. Sir, you have always known me as Matthew Frothingham's friend. I give you my word that in this you shall see me in no other character.”

He left off biting his nails and stretched out a hand, saying:

“Oh, Mr. Stapleton, the town says wild things of you—but I like your words. Let us consider what can be done. Were I a doctor of physic, now, instead of Latinity!”

“The powder's harmless,” says I; “the question is, why did they use him so? Not to rob him here, I'll be bound.”

“To carry him off?”

“They went away too readily upon my entrance. The rogues are satisfied with matters as they stand. Is there anybody to whom the night-long absence of Mat Frothingham might make a difference. Could that advantage a pair of thieves?”

The Doctor of Latinity brought his hand down upon his sound knee with a vigorous whack.

“The Nabob, by the Lord!” he cried.

II

Mr. Matthew Frothingham, a year or so before this night at the Rose Tavern, had saved my life in a clash of swords upon the Irish coast. Most of the weapons on that occasion were in the hands of the law; I will not say for what purpose our own were wielded, but it is sufficient that the odds were against us and the situation desperate. Frothingham chanced to be present innocently, and, struck doubtless by my gallant bearing, came valorously to my assistance. The officers were beaten off and we made good our escape, but not before Mat might have been implicated as the accomplice of the boldest band of smugglers in the United Kingdom.

He was then a penniless young scapegrace with no strong impulses either for good or evil, and perhaps it was a lucky thing for him that he did not fall openly into my own method of living. During the space of a twelvemonth he lay quiet, enjoying as a friendly observer the various excitements of my career, and then a lonely uncle returned from Calcutta with all the wealth of India in his strong-boxes. Whereupon Master Mat emerged unsuspected from his retirement and took up his abode with the ancient Crœsus, since which time I had not set eyes upon him.

“Well,” said I to Dr. Tod, “what of the Nabob? Mind you, it is season for action; whatever scheme is forward must be quickly nipped.”

The little fellow took off his wig in his excitement, and talked as fast as a court crier.

“Mr. Murdock lives solitary at Hampstead, save for Mat. His wits seem turned, he suspects all men of a desire to rob him, he keeps no servants during the night, and trusts no bank. His wealth is all in his tomb of a Red Lodge, and thither, Mr. Stapleton, have these scoundrels gone, as I believe, leaving the miser's guardian stupefied and impotent.”

It was not unlikely, and, at any rate, no other explanation offered. I rang the bell; it was reported by a pot-boy that the two gentlemen had taken coach immediately on leaving us and driven to the north.

“Then do we follow,” said I.

We doused poor Mat with water, slapped his temples, held a burning feather to his nose, but all to no avail. Only for an instant he opened one eye drowsily, waved a sagging hand, and ejaculated with much solemnity, “Nonny, nonny, Bengal!” After this sage observation he lost consciousness again, and apparently forever.

“Look you, Dr. Tod,” I said, “no hope is here, and Amberly has twenty minutes start. I am for pushing on. My mare is at the door; there's not her equal on the island for night riding.”

“Oh, the devil doubt you!” muttered the doctor. “Ride on and fight it out. I'll follow with Mat in a coach, if one can be had. A watch patrols Hampstead somewhere, I believe.”

“The watch be hanged!—you don't know Amberly. The point is, where's the house? If I can but meet them from the inside of it, their goose is cooked.”

The doctor hesitated, eyed me sharply, then sighed and drew a sketch map on the wet table with a pipe stem.

“Here it is,” he said, pointing, “and a locked wall around it as high as St. Paul's.”

“With a key,” I said, “which Frothingham must have about him now.”

The doctor saw my meaning and looked troubled.

“Well?” said he.

“Well, I should have it.”

“Mr. Stapleton!” Dr. Tod limped between Mat and me and stood comically defiant.

“Listen,” I said, with all the calmness I could muster. “For me this errand does not lack danger. Amberly and Sconce would take my life as you'd construe an adverb. I have passed my word to save Mat's expectant fortune, if it be possible. Am I to contend—one against several—with distrust from you? Come, sir!”

The doctor was fairly consumed with a ravenous perplexity.

“I know not what to do,” he cried, “nor where to turn in this den of thieves. If I were only a whole man, now!” and he gazed ruefully at his withered limb. Then his decision came to him suddenly, and he turned his back upon the fallen Frothingham and me, and covered his eyes with his fingers.

"You will observe, Mr. Stapleton," he said, "that I am utterly unable to see what you are about."

I thrust my hand hastily through Mat's pockets—no sign of what I searched for. I ripped open his waistcoat: there hung a ribbon inside the frill of his shirt, and on this was strung a pair of keys as big as those of Newgate. I snatched up Mat's scarlet riding-cloak and ran to the stairs.

"Thank you, Dr. Tod," said I. "You'd best get this man between the sheets and keep him there till morning. He's not fit for the road, and I need no help."

"I think you're right. I'll do it."

"Good!" I cried. "And here's for Hampstead."

"Luck to you!" exclaimed the doctor, then adding apprehensively, "and may Heaven help the Nabob!"

I laughed, sprang on Peggy, ready saddled at the door, and was off like a shot through the darkness.

III

It had turned midnight and all was black. Luckily I knew the roads and several shorter lanes; a lady lived at Hampstead once — but that song runs differently. Even in that matter, however, I rode with no more eagerness, for I had long desired to throw this Amberly, and now it made me doubly angry to think that this scum had dared to work a scheme against Mat Frothingham, notoriously a friend of mine. Peggy and I pounded along as easily as in the Mall at noon-time. If everything held, I did not doubt to reach the Nabob's castle before the others. I passed no coach, and heard none anywhere upon the roads I took.

The mare never served me better, even when we two were making the Carlisle Turnpike a terror to guards and coachmen. I led her into a little copse, a hundred yards from the Nabob's corner, kissed her between the eyes, and told her to wait quietly in hiding. She understood as readily as a wife would have done, and probably with more compliance.

The dwellings in this part were as scattered as any house-breaker might desire, and I could conceive of no sensible man living for security in such a place. To be sure, the wall surrounding the grounds of Red Lodge (which I found readily enough) were high, and spiked, I think, at the top, but he would have been a poor workman who could not have scaled them. The house itself was of course quite out of sight, but I read the name with my finger-tips upon a rusty entrance plate, and lit upon the lock with fortunate ease. The stout gate opened, and I paused to listen before closing it behind me. Still no sound of wheels. Amberly was strangely tardy.

Once within the enclosure the small square cottage made a patch somewhat blacker than the surrounding night, and I walked softly towards it on a gravel path which must conduct me, I reasoned, to an entrance. No light showed before I was at the door.

I had been as noiseless as I could with the manipulation of the gate, but there were ears within even sharper than my own. I was trying to fit the second key into the door lock when a narrow window popped open alongside my head, and a voice hissed out:

"Who's there? The gun is loaded."

Through the orifice was poking a savage-looking barrel, but nothing else could be seen. I cowered for safety as closely as I could against the wood-work, and muffled my mouth in the folds of Frothingham's cloak.

"All right, uncle. Shall I turn the key?"

"Why didn't you say so, fool?" croaked the voice within. "Turn away."

I did so, the lock gave, and I tried the door, but it was firm.

"Give the word, booby," said the man inside, "give the password." And then in a higher tone of alarm: "Surely you know it or— Who's there?"

The gun-barrel trembled, and then took a sharper angle towards me. There was a countersign! I groaned a curse at his precautions and cudgelled my brains. What could Mat have said had he been here?

"Say it louder, young idiot!" growled the Nabob.

"Nonny—nonny—Bengal!" I blurted desperately.

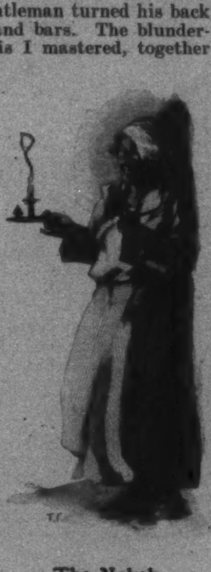
There was a grunt, the muzzle was withdrawn, and a prodigious clanging of bolts ensued. Then the door opened on a chain, and a dim shaft of light came piercing out. I gathered the cloak about my face and leaned forward against the casing. A little pair of eyes glistened over the door chain.

"Eh—the worse for drink! Well, it's a cheap form of deviltry, Matthew. Pass by," and he undid the chain.

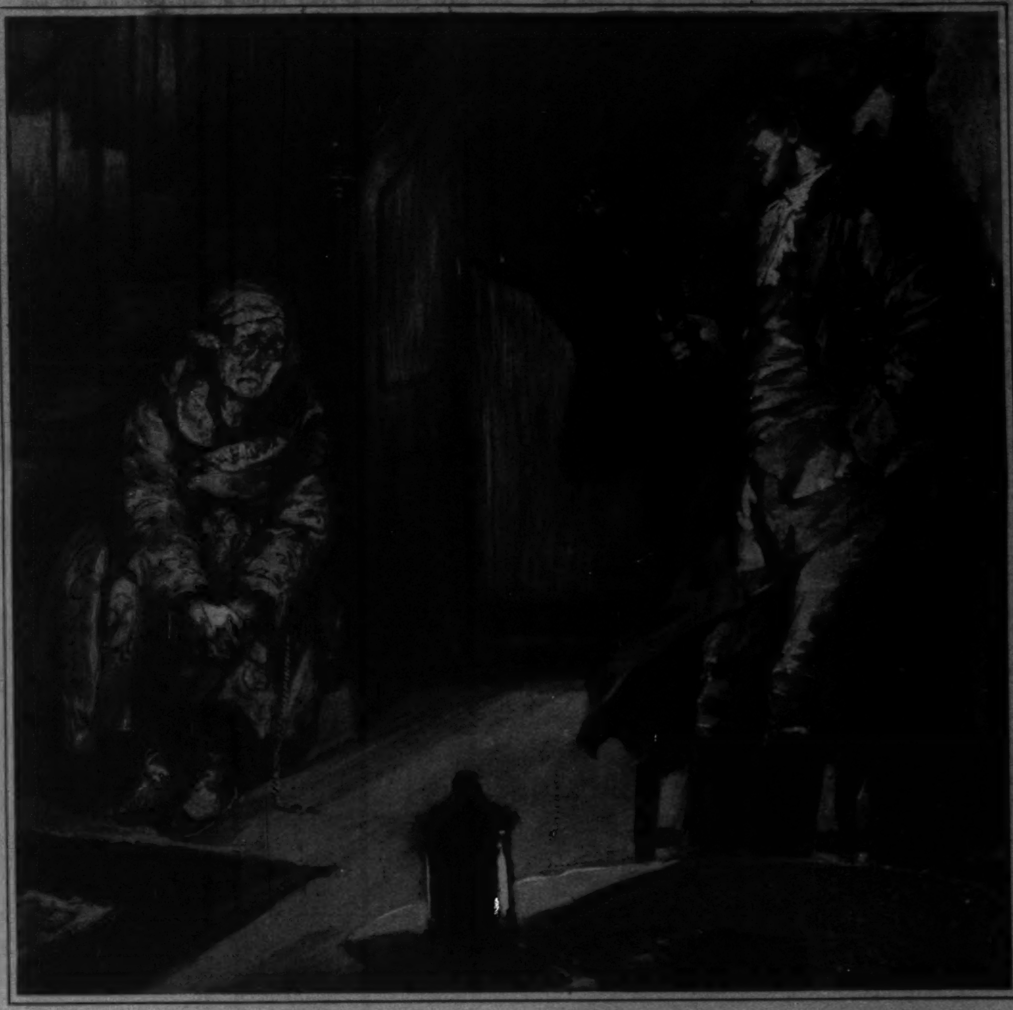
I staggered in and the old gentleman turned his back upon me, busy with his locks and bars. The blunderbuss lay upon a chair, and this I mastered, together with a horse-pistol that hung from a nail near by, so that when he turned I was bristling with armament, like a seventy-four frigate.

The sight of me, I thought, had brought the Nabob to a melancholy end. His eyes rolled, he puffed out and drew in his yellow cheeks with a queer sound of whistling, and, finally, with an uncanny scream of "Robber!" wilted down upon the flagging and crawled at me on all-fours. It was shocking to see a human brought so by fright; I gave him a hand and set him in a chair, where he whimpered like a child.

"Sir," I said, "be a man, if you can. I am not here to rob you. If I am not mistaken, your house is to be attacked this night by a gang of villains. I have come to guard it."



The Nabob.



The old Man followed this Oration attentively.

"Matthew!" he gasped.

"He is a prisoner. I am here in his place, to protect you for his sake."

"Oh, who are you?" he blubbered. "What manner of protector sneaks through doors like a thief? Never would I have drawn a bolt, had I known it was not Matthew."

"I'm quite aware of that, Mr. Murdock; you'd have shot me as a dog. The trick was necessary, and you'll forgive it. Inside this house an able man, such as I shall prove myself to you, can stand off all the cut-throats in London; outside, I had been useless."

I leisurely regarded the windows of the two lower rooms and the winding stair, taking the dark-lantern with me. The place was like a fortress. During my examination I saw my unwilling host regarding me cunningly, and heard him mumbling as if in self-argument. When I had set down the light in the corridor again, he asked me humbly, in a whining voice, if the securities upon the entrance door were to my liking.

"Why, yes," said I, turning to examine them, "they'll hold, I fancy."

Something rattled behind my back; I spun sharply about and clutched the Nabob's lean old arm, which was upraised a scant foot from my neck. He had a long dirk in his hand, which he must have had concealed in his sleeping-gown. The dagger clattered to the floor, and he fell at my feet in a convulsion of helpless wrath and terror.

"You old wolf!" I cried. "I'll twist you for this in spite of Frothingham."

"'Tis all a trick," moaned he, "and you a murdering robber. There are no others."

"I swear to you I am Matthew's friend. As for the others—listen!"

Each held his breath. There came the sounds without of a creaking hinge and the rush of feet.

"Hold the gate!" whispered the Nabob, brokenly, with a supplicating hand upon my knee. "Don't let them pass the wall."

"I left the gate unlocked," I said. "Slide the lantern, and keep silence."

Mr. Murdock gripped my fingers and I knew that he acknowledged, for the time at least, his only chance of safety.

IV

A consultation seemed to be in progress outside, and I could picture the gang with heads together. I confess that the thought of half a dozen heads and pairs of arms against us somewhat disquieted me, but only for a moment. It was most important now to follow the first movement of the enemy, and to that end I tiptoed to the little window by the door. The night was turning grayish, but yet my eyes could make out nothing.

Of a sudden a shadow came into being upon the steps—a shadow of a man in a great-coat and a heavy stick in his hand. He advanced rapidly to the door and dealt it a resounding blow.

"Hilloa, within there!" he shouted, in a voice unmistakably Amberly's; "what, ho! Red Lodge, wake up, everybody! Hilloa!"

An odd squeaking sigh escaped the Nabob's lips; I cautioned him to silence by a gesture.

"Red Lodge, hilloa!" bawled Amberly, double-knocking on the oak with his bludgeon, "wake up. Thieves, robbers! Wake for your safety!"

Here was some matter of surprise, but I could not see how Mr. Murdock received this warning from such an unexpected source.

"Thieves are about," cried the highwayman, as virtuous as the watch, "and you are threatened. The gate has been broken. What, ho!"

Frothingham's uncle let a slender beam of light escape upon my face.

"These are no robbers," he murmured, holding his chin with a trembling hand. "What does this mean?"

"Open the door!" shouted the voice, now impatiently. "Open the door and look to your house!"

"Well," I whispered to the Nabob, "what do you say? Shall we open and let in these marauders? Do you believe them?"

Even as I spoke there was a wrenching at a window in the lower room upon our right. I snatched the lantern, raised the slide full up, and turned the light toward the place whence the grinding noise came, and disclosed convincing proof of the character of Mr. Murdock's visitors. A strip of steel had been thrust between the heavy shutters, and the hasp had been already forced. Evidently our friends had abandoned the idea of entering Red Lodge by subterfuge, and had resorted finally to force.

The Nabob perceived this as soon as I did, and it tempered him amazingly. His very fright seemed to steady his determination, and I was glad to see that although his breath still came quick and slow by turns, he had the appearance of a more resolute man. In my own head a fantastic idea began to take form and I flung open the casement beside the door.

"Good-morning, Mr. Amberly," I called, genially. "You stir early. And is that the excellent Mr. Sconce also? Good-morning, Mr. Sconce!"

I was glad to observe that there were only two of them. Amberly retreated precipitately from the porch and there followed some rapid talking under the window, where the operations against the shutters suddenly had ceased.

"You need fear nothing, gentlemen," I continued. "Come, tell me to what am I indebted for the honor of this call?"

It was easy to see that the little Nabob was in a consternation between alarm and wonder at my boldness, but the temporary repulse of our assailants he took for a very good sign, and he even smiled faintly when I winked at him. Then Amberly reappeared with a great air of assurance, but keeping, nevertheless, in the cover of the house corner.

"Why, Jack," he said, "trust you to be fore-handed in such a business. It's our lucky chance that brought us here—where you've done all the work already, and it only remains, Jack, to divvy with your old pals, and then make off all quiet."

"What the devil are you talking about?" said I.

"Tell me, Jack," continued Amberly, "did you do for him? Did you stick a knife in the Nabob?"

"That's as it may be," I retorted. "Now, then, how long do you keep here talking? Because I'm through."

"We'll keep here for our share, Jack Stapleton," growled the fellow. "That's what we'll keep here for. The haul's a good one—thirds is what we want—and we'll screw it out of you."

"Aha," said I, "that's in the wind, is it? You came here to-night on the same business and to murder Murdock in his bed, didn't you?"

"Yes, we did," said Amberly.

I paused to make sure that Nabob behind me heard this; he did hear it, for his breath caught in his throat with a dry cluck.

"So," continued Amberly, "it's only fair we should divide. And, if not—"

"Well, if not?"

"We'll break the house."

I laughed in his face. "You cannot break this house, nor twenty like you," I said, "and you know it. It's solid as the Tower of London, and as well armed. Have you nothing more to say? The air grows chilly."

At this a gust of anger disordered the evil countenance of my worthy friend and turned it fairly livid.

"There's the watch, Stapleton, there's Bow Street—do you hear?"

"Ah," I said, coolly, "you mean to betray me to the law if I do not disgorge?"

"I mean exactly that," he half shrieked with a horrid curse; "I hate you as I hate hell."

"The sooner you satisfy your hate the better," I replied. "I have talked enough."

"Sconce is on guard," cried Amberly in a passion; "you're dead if you leave the door. And I'll be back, Stapleton, within the hour."

"Are you off?" I inquired, pleasantly. "And where?"

"To a magistrate!" he yelled over his shoulder.

"Really! A pleasant journey to you!" I said, as I closed the window.

V

This juncture, as may well be imagined, was puzzling; the arrival of the forces of law and order might drive me into a dilemma, unless Mr. Murdock would stand by me, and even then it would require all of my mental persistence and ingenuity to turn the tables on my envious enemies. I was, however, reasonably confident of carrying off the situation, and I faced the Nabob with that equanimity which I have ever found essential, in occasions of this nature.

He shuffled to the stairs, sat upon the lowest step, and studied the palms of his hands without raising his eyes.

"Well," he said, very suavely, "my danger, I take it, is over."

"Yes," I replied, "thanks to me."

He darted me a look sideways, saying: "The watch will come before sunup. It is an unlucky morning for thievery."

"So it seems," said I. "And, having done my service to my friend Mat, I'll be off."

This made his mouth pucker, and he raised his eyebrows.

"To be shot in the back by your old comrade Sconce?" he asked. "I think you will stay here and await the officers."

"And that is exactly what I have no intention of doing," I retorted, "unless, plainly, Mr. Murdock, you will join my plan to outmanœuvre these blackguards, who have poisoned your nephew, and tried to rob you both of life and gold."

"You talk and talk, and prove nothing," he cried, testily. "How can I tell friend from foe? All I know is that thieves have fallen out and that the watch is called. Whoever goes to jail is all one to me. What can you do?"

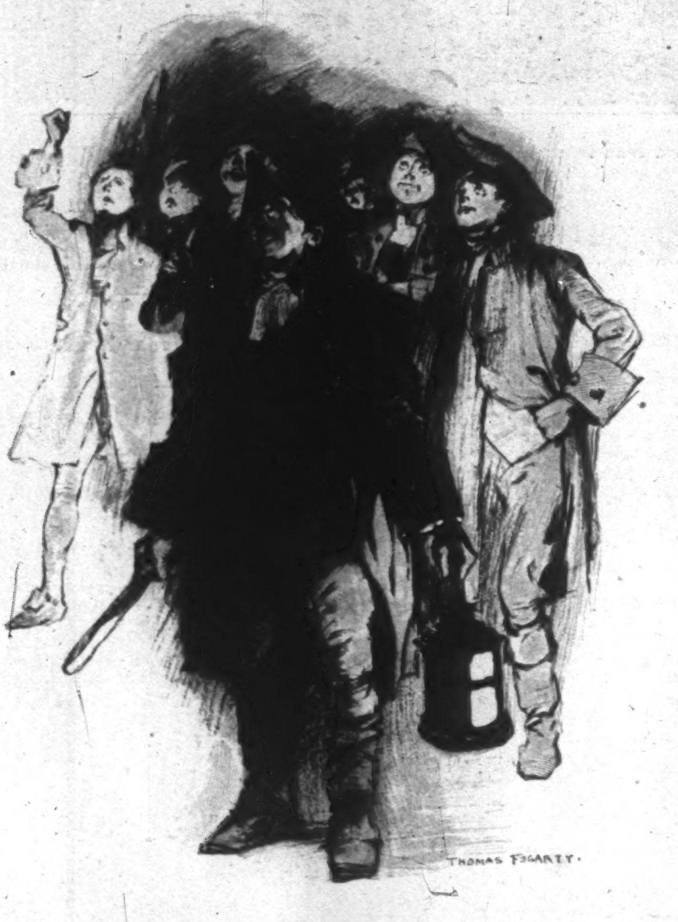
"Well," said I, imperturbably, "I can do several things. For one, I can come to terms with Sconce, who, as you have said, is my acquaintance, and as traitorous a cutthroat as ever stabbed an old miser's heart and rifled his house. 'Tis a job soon done, Mr. Murdock, and Amberly may be long away."

These words had good effect; the old hunks grew pale under his yellow skin, and made as if to rise.

"You have surmised, sir," I continued, leaning easily against the wall and toying with the pistol, "that Jack Stapleton is a man that sticks at nothing, and one whose life and associates might be regarded criminal by honest critics. Yet in this transaction I am blameless and intend no harm, as I have told to you many times before. Some risk has been run by me this night for friendship's sake; are there no such things as thanks in your thoughts? I owe both these scoundrels a heavy grudge; I mean to feed it, and they surely do not deserve to be friends of yours. The scheme I have in mind can bring you no hurt—come, Mr. Murdock, what do you say?"

He followed this oration attentively, nursing his knees and looking now at my pistol and now apprehensively at the barred door. Whether the motive of fear or that of gratitude finally swung the balance, I neither know nor care; I am inclined to think the latter, for at any moment during the conclusion of this episode he might have flung the whole thing over with security to himself, and yet he did not do so. And then the workings of the brief plot which I unfolded to him may have tickled the fancy of this ancient Nabob. Who knows? The spirit of adventure sometimes dwells in curious corners.

At any rate he nodded, I sat beside him, and his eyes actually twinkled as I explained in what manner I proposed with his assistance to even myself with Amberly. We had hardly time to creep noiselessly up the staircase and make our simple arrangement before we heard a great ado at the door, a mighty knock, and a thunderous voice bawling, "Open, in the King's name!"


THOMAS FOGARTY.

"Open the Door!" shouted the Constable.

VI

After a decent interval I stuck my head out of an upper window and inquired in vast surprise what was the cause of all this clamor. There was a knot of half a dozen men congregated in front of Red Lodge, and Amberly in the midst of them pointed up at my nightcap with an accusing finger.

"That's he!" he cried. "The villain himself."

"Wot's 'is name—wot's 'is rascally name?" sputtered a short fat man, evidently a self-important constable. "Stapleton? Open this 'ere door, Stapleton, and surrender to the law!"

"Stapleton?" said I. "What name is that? This is Mr. Murdock's house."

"Murdock?" the constable shouted. "That's 'im you've been and murdered. Ho, you bloody wretch! Give yourself up to King George and the British constitootion."

I stared at him, rubbing my eyes as if in sleep.

"You've made a mistake, constable," I said, "or else you've been lied to. I'll join you as soon as I can. There's trickery here to get honest folks from their beds thus early."

So I marched down stairs, all undressed save for night-gown and slippers, and left the Nabob in the room above. As I unbarred the bolts and chain I could hear Amberly and Sconce reassuring the watch of my atrocities.

"Well, well," said I, throwing wide the door, "what's all this?"

"It's no use, Stapleton," cried Sconce, shaking with excitement. "The jig's up."

"Hold him here and search the house for what's left of his victim," Amberly hinted to the fat constable.

"Upon my word, Mr. Officer," I exclaimed, stifling a yawn, "this is quite beyond my comprehension. These gentlemen, whom I do not know and, judging from their faces, do not care to, call me by a strange name, and have induced you to rout Mr. Murdock and myself out of bed, Heaven knows why. Can no one explain?"

"Is your name Stapleton?" asked the constable.

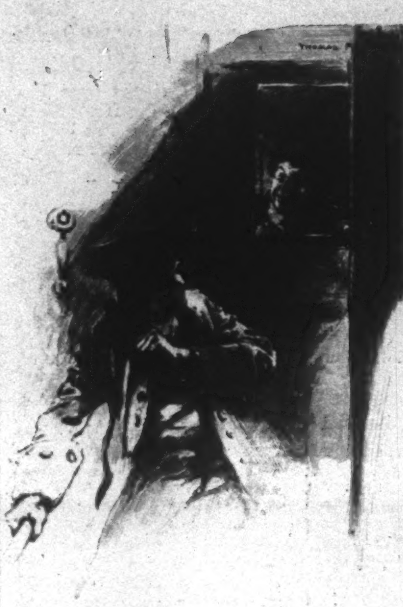
"The man that calls me Shapleton or Scapleton, or whatever it is," I protested, looking straight at Amberly, "is a fool."

"That's a lie," retorted Amberly.

"I'll prove that lie to you, you scoundrels," said I, calmly, and then, I think, they began to see that I had something up my sleeve.

"Where's Mr. Murdock?" cried the fat officer. "I knows 'im, anyhow. This pusson I never seen afore, but I knows Murdock."

"Yes," said Sconce, with a flash of spite in his eye, "where's Murdock?"



"Good-Morning, Mr. Amberly!"

"I say killed and robbed by this murderer," added Amberly. "Hold him tight, you fellows, and search the house."

"Oh, put an end to this tomfoolery!" I cried. "Officer, this is an outrage, that decent citizens, like you and I, should be troubled by such cock-and-bull rascals. As for Mr. Murdock, you shall see him, if it is necessary." And stepping to the foot of the staircase, I called out: "Uncle! Uncle Rufus!"

The constable looked blank, Amberly's jaw dropped, and Sconce stared at me in wild bewilderment. I affected not to notice these manifestations, but continued:

"The watch is here, uncle, and desires to see you."

There was a creaking of a bedstead, a sigh as from an old gentleman whose rest had been interrupted, and then the Nabob appeared on the landing, shading a candle, and looking down at the ground below.

"Now, Matthew," he said, "what's all this infernal row?"

"I'm sure I can't find out," says I; "perhaps the officer will tell you."

Sconce and Amberly were both aghast, and the watch bewildered. As for the fat constable, he was turning as red as beets, and I could see, with much satisfaction, that his spleen was rising.

"Good-morning, Brewster," said my new uncle.

"Mr. Nabob," said Brewster, "who's this 'ere man?"

"That gentleman is my nephew," said the Nabob, quietly. I pledge my honor that comedian Foote could not have done it better. "You do not know my nephew, I believe. And must you come like a regiment of soldiers," he added, "and in the dead of night to inquire about him?"

"I axes parden," mumbled the officer, redder now than ever, "I axes pardon. I never seen the young man previous."

Amberly caught him by the arm. "Are you sure that's Murdock?" he asked.

The constable turned on him wrathfully.

"Course I be," he said. "'Ain't I seen him plenty o' times afore? But I ain't sure I knows you, my fine fellow, and I means to. A pretty story you made out, you did."

"It seems I've been murdering you in your bed, Uncle Rufus," said I, "and burning the house, and I don't know what besides."

The old man laughed delightfully. "You kill me, nephew?" he replied. "Oho—that's funny!" And he turned to go, chuckling, this man who, an hour since, had tried to stick a dagger in my neck, and begged on his knees for his life. Even I would have had difficulty in detecting such consummate acting.

"But stop," said the Nabob. "Who are the rascals who cheated you with this absurd tale?"

Brewster caught Amberly rudely by the shoulder and held a light to his face.

"'Ere he be," said Brewster, with indignation, "and I means to 'ave it out with 'im."

"Sir," burst out Amberly in despair, "this man is known all over London as Jack Stapleton, the highwayman. In some way he has imposed upon you—how I know not—but I charge him with it, now and always, and beg you to examine into the matter to the bottom."

"You'd best take the poor creature to Bedlam, Brewster," said the Nabob.

"They seem to me like a bad lot," I added, quietly. "Why not search 'em, Brewster?"

The constable eagerly accepted my suggestion as an outlet for his feelings of anger and wounded dignity. And a collection of burglars' tools was thereupon produced which would have sufficed to break an entrance into Windsor Castle.

"I knowed they woz queer," he proclaimed. "This is a big pull-in, this is. Bring 'em on, boys. Servant, Mr. Murdock. Servant, young sir."

"Good luck to you, constable," I said. "Keep 'em fast. And why, think you, did they come with such a yarn to you?"

"Some game," said Brewster, mysteriously. "Some artful game. They're deep 'uns. Now, then, move!"

Amberly pulled himself up close to me, and if ever I saw murder in a man's eyes, it was then in his. But they shoved him away before he could speak or act, and Sconce, limply, and with head down, followed at his heels.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

EVERY month in 1901 the Messrs. Harper will publish one of a series of twelve American romances by American authors. These novels in scene and character will represent American conditions in all parts of the country. Their authors will be, for the most part, new writers, young men and young women who see with contemporaneous eyes the life that is going on about them. The first of the series, to be published in January, will be *Eastover Court House*, a story of rural life in Virginia, by Kenneth Brown. They tell us that Mr. Brown knows his Virginia very thoroughly, and has made a good book about it.

Five other stories have been already chosen, and the rest will be taken from manuscripts received during the next two or three months.

❧

MARK TWAIN as an after-dinner speaker and as an introducer of speakers has brought honor to an occupation which constantly tends to fall into disesteem. The after-dinner speech is rather a skittish undertaking for an able and serious-minded man. He must amuse the company, but even if he succeeds in that it will hardly satisfy him unless he edifies it also. He ought to have something on his mind, and he ought to speak it, but to mix in pleasantry and earnestness in such proportions as to satisfy both the company and the speaker himself is a job that gives pause to the ambitious. The thing chiefly important for the after-dinner speaker is to enjoy his work. If he doesn't, no one else will. If he does, possibly his hearers will also. If he pleases himself he succeeds. If he pleases himself and his audience he succeeds doubly. If he pleases his audience but not himself he breaks about even, and if he pleases no one he makes a mess of it. Mark Twain has succeeded superlatively. He certainly must have pleased himself, for he has spoken his mind with delightful candor on every subject which he has approached. He has been very amusing in the way he has done it, and he has shown so much good will to persons not of his opinion that he has made no one angry. Whenever he speaks he says something. One lot of folks huzza because they think it needed to be said. The rest grin and say no one could have said it better. It is hard to see how informal discourse on social occasions can be made to yield better results than these.

❧

MR. CHARLES COTESWORTH BEAMAN, who died suddenly from heart-disease on December 15, was one of the best known and best liked men in New York, and his death at sixty-one was a great surprise and shock to this community. He had been a very busy and successful lawyer here for nearly thirty years, and there seemed to be at least another ten years of active work in him, so that it is the less easy to be reconciled to the sudden ending of his labors. He started in life with two great advantages: he was a minister's son, and he was born (in 1840) in the State of Maine. He was graduated at Harvard in 1861, taught school for three years, studied law, and became private secretary to Charles Sumner, and clerk to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Later he came to New York and began to practise law. In 1871 he published a book on the *Alabama* claims, which led to his appointment as Examiner of Claims in the State Department, and Solicitor for the United States before the Arbitration Commission at Geneva. These labors brought him into close association with Mr. William M. Evarts, whose daughter he married in 1874, after his return to New York.

Five years later, in 1879, he became a member of the law firm of Evarts, Southmayd, & Choate, which firm became in due time Evarts, Choate, & Beaman.

Mr. Beaman was an excellent lawyer and an admirable citizen, who never grudged time nor care to politics or matters of public concern. As chairman of the Conference Committee of the Committee of Seventy he helped to elect Mayor Strong. He worked hard, too, on the side of Seth Low in the mayoralty campaign of 1897. Like his colleagues, Mr. Evarts and Mr. Choate, he was a leading representative of New England in New York. He was an overseer of Harvard, and a leader among Harvard men, at whose gatherings he will be acutely missed. His temper was very genial; a shrewd, sane, kindly man, full of sense, humor, and ability, who did many things well and easily. He will be ill spared and long mourned in many places.

❧

TWO other well-known citizens of New York are gone. Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer died on December 15, Justice Henry Rutgers Beekman on December 17.

Mr. Ottendorfer, born in Austria in 1826, came to New York in 1850. His early history, as the newspapers have given it, is an animated tale. The son of a cloth manufacturer, and well educated, he turned revolutionist in his later student days, fought Metternich (whom "Aiglon" has made so familiar to us), took desperate chances, was chased by soldiers and sentenced to death, but not caught. He took sick, however, and when he got well the revolution was over, and, disconsolate, he came to America. He landed in New York penniless, without friends, and unable to speak English. The first employment he found was too hard for him and made him ill. When he got better he hired out to work in a soda-water factory. Later he got a small job in the business office of Jakob Uhl's *Staats-Zeitung*. Mr. Uhl died in 1852. Mrs. Uhl went on with the paper, of which, in 1858, Mr. Ottendorfer became editor-in-chief. The following year he married Mrs. Uhl. From that time on, for forty years, Mr. Ottendorfer was a leader among the Germans in New York. In politics, benevolence, business and social life, he was active and distinguished. His career has been highly honorable and useful. He was a Democrat, and when there was a choice among Democrats he chose wisely. He was a war Democrat with Douglas; he fought Tweed; he backed Tilden and Cleveland. He was president of the Liederkranz Society, an incorporator of several of the strongest German-American banks and insurance companies in New York, and a prime mover in many more important enterprises of various sorts than can here be recorded.

❧

IT was a peculiarity of Justice Beekman—one rare among New-Yorkers of contemporary note—that he was born in New York. As his name indicates, he was of an old Dutch New York family. His whole life was spent here. He was educated at Columbia; studied law in the Columbia Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1867. He served his city in many capacities—as Park Commissioner for two years, as President of the Board of Aldermen, as Corporation Counsel, and as counsel for the Rapid Transit Commission. In 1894 he retired from the law firm of Beekman & Ogden to become a judge of the Superior Court, to which office he was elected on the ticket with Mayor Strong. By the consolidation of the courts in 1896 he became a justice of the Supreme Court. His sudden death from apoplexy at the age of fifty-six is even more premature than that of Mr. Beaman, and is deplored for analogous reasons. The *Times*, speaking of Judge Beekman as a representative native New-Yorker, says that "public spirit as to the affairs of this municipality was with him not a reason so much as an instinctive obligation, so that he felt a stain upon the good name of the city like a wound." There is encouragement in that tribute. Perhaps, as time goes on and a larger proportion of the New-Yorkers are Manhattan born, the evidence of inherited responsibilities will be more common than now, and the sorrows of the town will be alleviated accordingly.

❧

A GOOD many persons seem to have received the impression that the Episcopal Church has altered its rule about the remarriage of divorced persons. That is not true. A committee appointed at the last general convention has unanimously recommended that Episcopal ministers shall be forbidden to unite in matrimony persons who have been divorced, so long as the former spouses of such persons are living. It has also recommended that divorced persons (except innocent parties in divorces secured for adultery) who marry again during their former spouse's lifetime shall be excluded from the sacraments of the Church, except when *in extremis*, or when penitent and living apart from the husband or wife last acquired. But these recommendations are not yet laws of the Church, and won't be until the next general convention, which meets in San Francisco, has ratified them.

❧

THE best of the three good speakers Harvard put forward this year in the annual debate with Yale seems to have been Roscoe Conkling Bruce, the son of Blanche K. Bruce, United States Senator from Mississippi from 1875 to 1881. There is an interesting story about Senator Bruce. He was a mulatto. When he presented himself to be sworn in the Senate, there was no one to walk down with him to the clerk's desk. Roscoe Conkling sat near him when he rose. Seeing him hesitate, and instantly divining the situation, Senator Conkling offered him his arm, and they strode down the aisle together. There is a fairly good bronze statue of Senator Conkling in Madison Square, but it does not recall the best in him so vividly as the newspaper paragraph which records that Roscoe Conkling Bruce, of Harvard, "made perhaps the most finished speech ever delivered in an intercollegiate debate." Young Bruce is very well spoken of as an attractive and agreeable gentleman, and a scholar of good rank and excellent abilities.

❧

A PERSON who signs himself "Decency," and who seems to have right feelings about things, writes to the *Evening Post* (New York) to inquire why in all the contemporaneous onslaught on vice "no one calls for the assistance of Mr. Franklin Matthews, who two years ago wrote in HARPER'S WEEKLY 'Wide-Open New York,' and who in October last was practically the first to start the present movement by his article in HARPER'S WEEKLY on 'The Cost of Tammany Hall in Flesh and Blood.'"

The inquiry seems pertinent and timely. It does seem surprising, as "Decency" remarks, that neither the Committee of Fifteen nor the Purifiers seem conscious of the existence of Mr. Matthews, or of his efforts to get the city's dirty linen started on its way to the tub.

"No man," says "Decency," "has done more effective work against Tammany Hall than Mr. Matthews. Surely there should be no more competent worker against Tammany than he. I call for his active appearance in this matter."

It seems a very natural call. Why is it necessary? Is it because Mr. Matthews is modest and has been overlooked.

❧

ONE of the propositions of the Ship Subsidy bill is that all subsidized vessels shall carry one American boy per thousand tons as apprentice. Another is that on all American-built ships one-fourth the crew shall be American citizens, if so many can be caught.

Why make it a virtue, and worth money, to get American citizens to go to sea? Is there any trade so undesirable as that of a common sailor? Is there any vocation that men of ordinary good sense shun more generally or with better reason? Sailors have hard usage, hard work, and a hard time even when their officers are decent men; still more so when the officers are brutal. Some men are born to be sailors, and rise in that business; others cannot take care of themselves on shore; others take to the sea for the relief of their friends. It is a good thing that there are sailors, because their work must be done, but why any one should want to be a sailor who can make a living at anything else, and why it should be thought that the money of tax-payers may be profitably expended in driving Americans into the forecastles of ships so long as folks of other nationality can be had, are matters not easy of comprehension.

❧

WE are all interested in the White House. For years past we have been told from time to time that it was not big enough to house the President's family, provide offices for the executive branch of the government, and afford room for the large entertainments which the President gives. There seems to be no doubt that it should be enlarged or supplemented in some way. Some of the wives of some of the Presidents have taken a lively interest in its enlargement, and they and the Superintendent of Public Buildings in Washington are understood to have composed plans for its reconstruction. These plans came to the notice of the American Institute of Architects, which held its annual convention in Washington a fortnight ago, and were not favorably regarded. The Institute passed formal resolutions to the effect that the White House is a good building, exceeding creditable to the times in which it was built, that whatever is done to it should be as well done as possible, and that before any alterations are authorized by Congress they should be passed upon by competent architects. The Institute offered further to nominate competent men to attend to the matter.

Undoubtedly we want the best plans obtainable. If those made in Mr. Bingham's office are not good we don't want them. If they are good we would as soon have them as any other plans, wherever made. The Institute of Architects has done well to call attention to the matter, but if the army engineers can do as well by the White House as they did by the Congressional Library, there won't be much cause for execration.

❧

AT the annual dinner of the Pennsylvania Society in New York, Mr. Andrew Carnegie made some disturbing remarks about the chances of that State passing New York in population. At the beginning of the republic, he pointed out, Pennsylvania was the Empire State, but lost that title and dropped far behind, until of late years she has seemed to be catching up. He had hoped confidently, he said, that the last census would have left her on top of the heap, but New York took a start and came out a million souls ahead. But Mr. Carnegie says the last decade was not a lucky one for Pennsylvania's manufacturing interests. Looking ahead, he still hopes to see the Keystone State at the top of the arch.

Sanguine man! While he is bragging and hoping for Pennsylvania it is almost unseemly to allude to the exceedingly interesting mansion that he is building on upper Fifth Avenue in New York, facing the Park. Yet it is an edifice worth talking about—dignified, imposing, pleasing; standing in a big lot with a frontage a block long; standing back from the street, with a prospect of gardens, or at least grass, all around it. It is, as yet, the only modern house on Manhattan Island that is so placed. It promises to afford Mr. Carnegie a most agreeable shelter, and certainly he could not ask for a better vantage-point from which to watch Pennsylvania pass New York. At least he will see the race from the judge's stand.

❧

THE most notable new house in Boston—that Italian palace which Mrs. John L. Gardner is putting together in the Back Bay Fens—is destined, it seems, for the use of the people of Boston. Mrs. Gardner has announced her purpose to give it to the public in due time for a free museum of art. It stands not far away from the new building of the Boston Museum of Art, and both for itself and for what it will contain it will be one of the notable show-places of the Puritan capital. Mrs. Gardner has some wonderful pictures, which, presumably, will go to it, and much other art-loot of great value and interest, so that, as the *Transcript* puts it, her palace will be, one day, the Cluny Museum of Boston.

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

SARAH BERNHARDT has appeared at the Garden Theatre during the past few weeks in three rôles in a high degree typical of her art. In the vast literature inspired by the French actress during the last quarter of a century, an English analyst discovered that she possesses three styles, and into one of these her rôles readily and universally fall. She chants in the accustomed manner of French actors when they leave the modern drama for the Alexandrines of the classic period, she wooes seductively in the wonderfully melting tone that is her unique possession among actresses, or she snarls in the crises of Sardou's accumulated horrors. Possibly to some subdivision this critic would have assigned her staccato volubility, so swift and distinct yet so unlifelike and so characteristic of the actress. All of these qualities were displayed in three rôles that she has lately acted. They were *Roxane* in "Cyrano de Bergerac," *Floria Tosca* in "La Tosca," and *Marguerite Gauthier* in "La Dame Aux Camélias." As the heroine of Rostand's Gascon play, Madame Bernhardt's opportunities were slight. But they revealed her exquisite diction in verse that is truly poetic, if not classic in the accepted sense of France; her femininity was never more appealing, and her pathos lent an exquisite sadness to the final act of the play. She made no attempt to inflate the rôle beyond its proper importance, yet touched every note as deeply and sincerely as the superficial allows. For *Roxane* is too precious to be made lovable, if indeed intelligible to audiences not of her own blood. It is not comprehensible, then, that they could ever sympathize with her. Madame Bernhardt showed herself in a modern part when she once more performed *Marguerite Gauthier*, which of all her impersonations is probably the best known here. It does not belong to her early days at the Comédie Française, and in all probability she had never acted until she visited other countries this Dumas heroine who is regarded as such a successful vehicle for importing French talent. Nothing in this play to-day seems so welcome as Madame Bernhardt's refinement. The last *Camille* to precede her on the stage died with as much medical circumstance as if she had been a hospital patient, embraced *Armand* in a way that suggested everything but the affection of his betrothed, and generally exaggerated every incident of the drama until the play lasted an hour longer than usual. The French actress depicts all that is necessarily repellent in the character with the greatest delicacy. Refinement is the dominating feature of the portrayal. The lighter comedy scenes of the second act, which are so much more exacting as a test of an actress's fitness for the rôle, are brightened by just the right degree of humor. She is pathetic and really natural in the parting from *Armand*, and had been in the outbreak after the interview with the elder *Duval* powerfully poignant and sad. There is much more art than feeling in the performance, but it has changed in none of the particulars that make it the ideal interpretation of the rôle to-day. Eleonora Duse fills every scene with heart and feeling, but the brilliancy and variety that Madame Bernhardt gives the Dumas heroine have never been equalled in recent years by any of her colleagues.

* * *

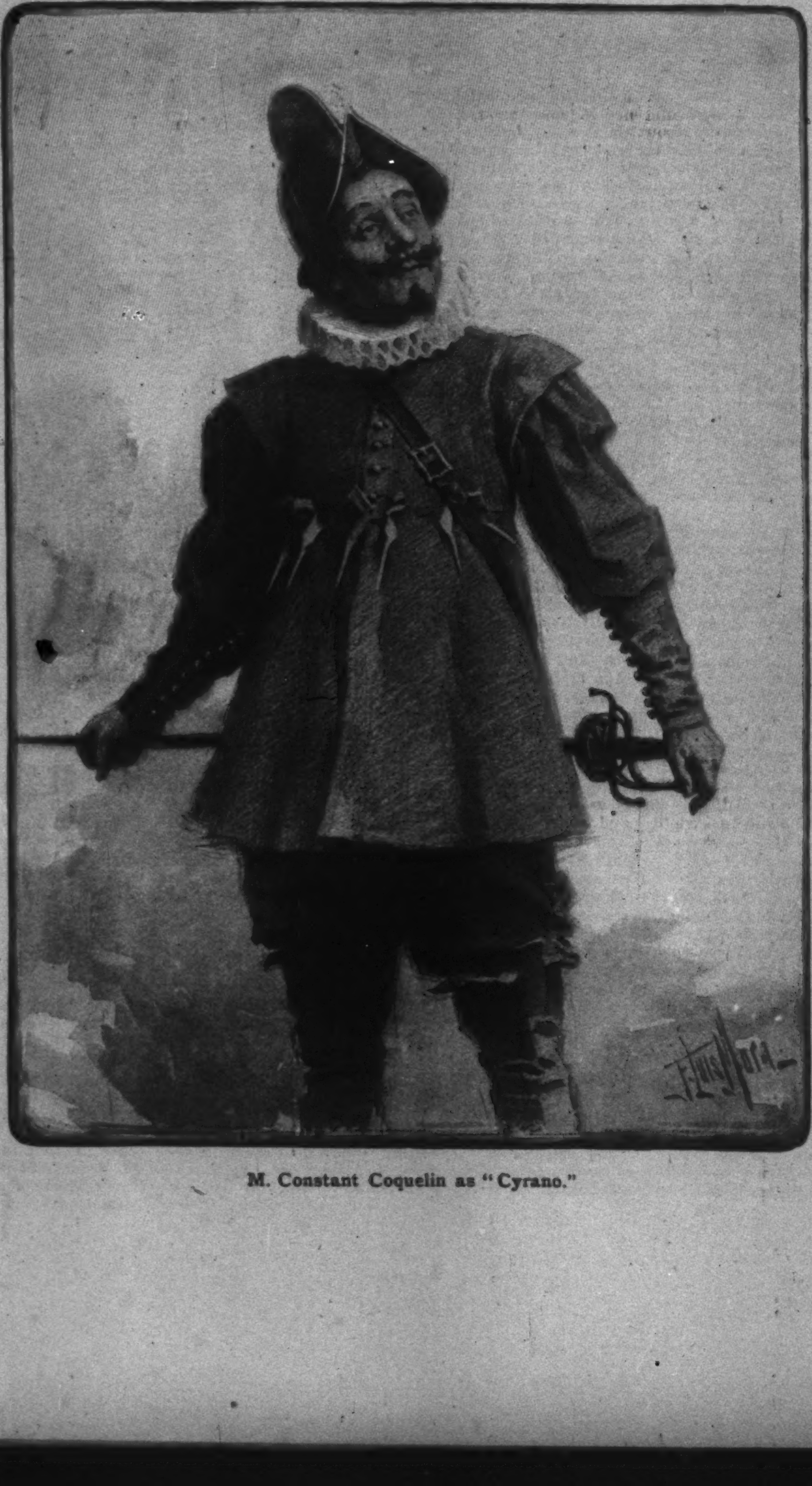
CONSTANT COQUELIN came into his own when he acted the part that will in all probability be more closely associated with his fame in the future than any other he has ever played. Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" has the wonderful quality of displaying M. Coquelin's talents nearly as fully as any of the Sardou plays ever revealed his associate, and it loses no value as a play in the process. In the great variety that the rôle of the Gascon hero affords, there is scarcely a side of the French comedian's talent that is not exploited. Yet his performance of the rôle was not in the least of a kind to draw attention to his own personality, dominant as the rôle of *Cyrano* is. M. Coquelin seemed rather absorbed in the task of interpreting Rostand's play than exhibiting his own skill, great as that must necessarily be. No rôle that he has ever acted here before gives so comprehensive a view of his talents. He has never shown that the really tragic note lies within his gamut, and he lacks the physical power to carry through scenes that demand forceful and vociferous expression. It never seemed before he had acted *Cyrano* that he could suggest the heroic. But all that Rostand could have meant his long-nosed Gascon to embody is found in M. Coquelin's performance, and in all there are such abundance and beauty that it really seemed as if the play had never been made fully known here until the French actors played it. Coquelin throughout the long rôle developed eloquently its romance, fidelity, and resignation, as well as its aggressive humor, nimbleness of wit, audacity, and blatant pugnacity. All of these have the same value that the author has so adroitly given them in the play. M. Coquelin's *Cyrano* will, of course, be compared with the performance of Richard Mansfield in the same play, and the laurels will all go to the French actor for the brilliancy, facility, and variety of his portrayal, and above all things for the beauty of his diction, which gave Rostand's verse new charm. The American actor will be acknowledged superior in the sincerity and feeling he showed in certain scenes—notably in the last. M. Coquelin ameliorated *Cyrano's* disfigurement by wearing a nose as small as possible and yet abnormal, while other actors have regarded the character chiefly as the means of providing a grotesque mask. The impression made by the play in Paris can be readily enough understood by all who have seen it here. M. Coquelin has also been seen again as the elder *Duval*, and in the one scene of the play that makes any demand on his powers acts with dignity and distinction.

* * *

"LA TOSCA," which Victorien Sardou made after the pattern that had suited Sarah Bernhardt so well in "Fedora," was the second of the dramas that did so much to damage the actress's artistic reputation, while they enormously increased her vogue outside of France, and earned fortunes for her and the ingenious playwright who could devise such effective methods of exhibiting every note in the wide range of her dramatic powers. The play, while it possessed the interest of novelty, was always artificial, repulsive, and obviously made with no other end in view than its revelation in various ways of Madame Bernhardt's genius. None of this shallow series seems so banal and tricky to-day, unless it be "Ghismonda," which laid bare the skeleton of the whole apparatus, and ended in failure the list which had begun so triumphantly. Neither M. Sardou nor Madame Bernhardt came out of this association with much credit, but the honors to-day all lie with the actress. Her acting in the frenetically passionate climaxes of the play is as incomparable in the splendid blaze of its genius as it ever was. Her tragic power when the action of the drama is at its height was never more thrilling nor inspired with the unique force that has won this famous French woman her renown. If there has been deterioration it is observable in the earlier scenes of the play, when her rapid and distinct volubility sounds mechanical and is certainly unlike the talk of any human being that ever lived. The manner of these long-continued colloquies bears no discernible relation to nature. They are as much a part of the actress as her profile, and there is very little edification to be found in hearing them, since they are no longer colored by feeling or varied to suit the spirit of the speech. They have become merely phases of her art. But when she learns that her lover is under torture, when the determination to kill *Scarpia* first comes to her, and when she learns that *Mario* really has been shot by the soldiers—these episodes reveal the actress's powers in their most brilliant estate. Her talents have often been employed in much more elevating purposes, because the work of Sardou, expert as it is, moves with the slowness of a wounded snake, when the two principal figures are on the stage, and never rises above the most theatrical tricks and conventional scenes. There is neither beauty of language nor wit to make its arid intervals tolerable. But it will always be accepted by the actress's admirers because certain phases of her genius in eruption, as it were, have never been so well revealed in any other play. M. Coquelin's *Scarpia* is not a monster of lust and villany. He is not a giant out of a pantomime glowering with brutal force and staring with desire. This is the kind of *Scarpia* that the public has always known hitherto—and such a conception as Coquelin's would scarcely have seemed possible. Yet it adds an agreeable variety to the play. He does not begin his part in the tragic intrigue with a longing desire to possess the beautiful singer. His lust for her is awakened first by her helplessness and despair. Then he begins the pursuit that ends in death. For merely physical force he substitutes cold audacity, cunning, polish, and the smooth wickedness of a highly placed and potent official. It is even unjust to Sardou to consider *Scarpia* merely the ordinary stage villain, and M. Coquelin's view of the rôle, as well as his acting, elevates the spirit of every scene in which he appears. He makes a man, instead of a mere symbol, out of this rôle.

* * *

THE French actors associated with Madame Bernhardt and M. Coquelin have never appeared to such advantage as in "L'Aiglon." Succeeding performances have shown that training, rather than ability, was responsible for the good results they created at first. Most of the men are very young — striplings apparently at the very beginning of their careers. MM. Deneubourg and Desjardins have been capable as *Christian* and *Mitternich*, and the women in the company proved generally equal to the unexacting rôles of Rostand's latest play. But men and women alike have been generally unsatisfactory later, and have struggled against other circumstances for which they cannot be held responsible. Scenery and appropriate costumes helped them in the newer plays of the répertoire, whereas the older dramas have been very shabbily revived and their effect has been much damaged. "Cyrano de Bergerac," in all that pertained to stage management and spectacle, was inferior to "L'Aiglon," and the other plays have so far been mounted in a way inappropriate to their content and the dignity of the two actors appearing in them. No play performed by the company has equalled "L'Aiglon" in popularity, and when it was withdrawn from view, popular interest in it was by no means exhausted.



M. Constant Coquelin as "Cyrano."

A Prairie Munchausen

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS

I WAS coursing awheel across one of the most fertile regions of eastern Iowa. Mile after mile the fine roads stretched across the prairie, with hardly enough of undulation to relieve the monotony. The whole landscape was one unending repetition. Even the farm-houses that appeared here and there were of one type—neatly painted, and surrounded by clusters of overshadowing barns and granaries, betokening boundless prosperity. So it was almost with relief that I at last saw before me a collection of buildings that contrasted in every way with the general run. It was a group of farm buildings, subserving the same general purpose as the others, but unpainted, with broken windows, unhinged doors, and an air of universal dilapidation. Where the other door-yards had neat lawns and pretty flower-beds, here were rank grass and scraggly weeds. The barn and house stood on opposite sides of the road, and the road itself served as a repository for sundry old corn-ploughs, reapers, and various fragments of machinery that a thrifty farmer would have carefully housed from the weather. On one of the machines sat an old man, with ragged clothes, unkempt hair and beard, and a general aspect fully in keeping with his surroundings. A hoe rested against his knee, as if he had contemplated an attack on the weeds, but he apparently had no present intention of using it, for he was very deliberately whittling.

The whole ensemble was so anomalous that I was prompted to rein in—that is to say, to back-pedal—my rolling steed, and dismount. The old fellow looked up at me sombrely, without changing his expression, and demanded, almost fiercely:

"Hello! Be y'u travelling, or just going somewhere?"

"A little of both," I answered, rather hesitatingly, not knowing just how to take him.

"Well, you've got a fine day for it, though I reckon it's a weather-breeder."

"Yes," I said, "a fine day and a fine country."

The old fellow looked up at me solemn as an owl, then turned his head this way and that, as if surveying the landscape for the first time, and shook his head reflectively, meantime curling off two or three thin shavings from his stick.

"Fine country? I don't know about that; but it's a large country, if that's what you mean; though it ain't so large as it used to be neither, not by a doggoned sight. When I fust come here it was as big agin as it is now. Cause why? It's shrunk. There used to be sloughs all over the country here, so's 't if you wandered around and wasn't careful you was likely to sink in and never come out agin. I lost my first wife that way—though I don't know as you could rightly say *lost* either, for it wa'n't exactly a loss, so to speak. All there was to it was she just sunk into one of them sloughs, and I never seen nothing more of her except her sun-bonnet. Did I dig her out? Did I? Not by a jugful! 'Let her stay,' says I; 'it 'ud be a sacerlege to rob the grave of its dead; and besides, what if we should find that she weren't dead, after all? Let her stay—even if I do have to lose her clo'es and her shoes, new last month. Never mind that; I've some respect for the feelings of the dead, even if they never had none for mine,' says I; 'let her stay.'

"Yes, sir, them sloughs was awful, and many a calamity happened in 'em, like the sad one I just mentioned; but by-and-by they dried up, and then they just naturally shrunk—same as that *winter* undershirt that you're wearin' on the outside this *summer*" (referring to my sweater) "would if you was to wash it; and then the country was just naturally smaller—a reg-lar misfit, so to speak. This here farm was a hundred and sixty when I bought it—or leastwise when my wife's father give it to her for a wedding-present; and now it ain't but a forty. It made me doggoned mad to see land that cost the old gentleman one-fifty an acre shrink up that way, and I thought of suing the gover'ment, but they told me it wa'n't no use to kick. I did kick, though, which just shows what a nateral darn fool a man is; for, come to find out, it was the best thing that ever happened to the old farm. That slough land wa'n't worth a continental before it dried up, and afterward one acre of it was worth any ten others on the farm. Why, sir, when I first sowed some wheat there it growed so fast that it pulled itself all up by the roots in less 'n a week. Talk about Jack and the bean-stalk! Why, I planted some hop-vines over the place where Maria descended, to mark the spot—she used to get so hoppin' mad, I thought it 'ud be appropriate—and, do you know, in one night them hops grew to the top of the poles, and pulled themselves up by the roots, and the poles up after 'em, and there I found 'em the next morning, piled up like jack-straws."

By this time the monologist was becoming just a trifle more animated, though his face continued as expressionless as a mask. "Well, sir," he continued, "I actually had to sow anti-fertilizer on that land before I could make anything stay in the ground. I got a load of sand, and spread in on good and thick, and it worked like a mice. Wheat staid in the ground and grew big and strong, and turned out a hundred bushel to the acre; but, by Hokey! in every kernel of wheat there was a grain of sand. That soil was so rich that sand sprouted and grew in it jest the same as wheat. Howsomever, it made the grain all the heavier, and I reckon the fellers in the East that et it didn't mind. A little more sand 'll be good for them dudes. And it's only fair they should have it, for it was one of them that made the sloughs dry up."

"Ah! how was that?" I managed to gasp, vacantly.

"Set 'em afire, he was so smart. You see, he come out here to show us old folks how to farm it according to the books. Had a house full of dockyments from the government and such like, and went around with kid gloves, thinking he knew it all. Folks here said he talked as if he knew a lot, but they expected he wa'n't smart enough to set the river on fire; and no more he wa'n't, but you see the sloughs was only part water, and so they burned easier."

"Yes, I see. But how did he come out on the farming?"

"Fine—for a while. Begun by plantin' about sixty thousand dollars in cold cash that he brought with him from the East—must have inherited it there, I guess. 'Always have to sow before you can reap,' says he, 'and I mean to sow with a free hand; the harvest will be all the more bounterfuler,' says he."

"And the dollars sprouted like the sand then?"

"Nary. I expect they would if he'd planted 'em that way, but he didn't. He put them into fancy live-stock."

"And how did the cattle turn out?"

"Oh, they was bound to turn out fine—couldn't help it, he said, because he was workin' 'em scientific, followin' the directions in the very best books there was. Kept the cows in warm stables, and blanketed 'em, and fed 'em hot food, and all that; but somehow the milk didn't pan out. Finally decided that his cows wa'n't a milking strain—said the books claimed there was a big difference in cows about that. I told him about the cow my father used to have back in Vermont, that you milked till she wa'n't nothing but skin and bones, and then you took her by the tail and dragged her out to pasture, and at night she turned up again ready for another milkin'. 'There's money in that sort of cows,' says I. He wanted me to write back there to the man we sold that cow to, and see if we could get some of her calves, but onfortunately I had forgot his address." And for the first time something like a twinkle appeared in the eye of the narrator.

"What finally became of your scientific farmer?"

"Oh, he give up the cows and went in for hogs, and when all of 'em died of the cholery he give it up altogether, and had an executor's sale, and then sent back East to some of his old friends to borrow money to pay his car fare out of the country. The last time I see him he come down here with a basket on his arm, and he says, says he, 'Mr. Davis,' says he, 'you've been a good neighbor, and give me lots of advice, though it 'ain't always panned out jest as it might'—referrin', I expect, to the time I sold him a peck of squash seeds to raise watermelons from—'but I know you've meant well,' he says, 'and I am sure I can trust you to take good care of this cat, which I can't very well take with me, and which I would like to leave with you.' And with that he took a big Angory cat, with a tail like a coyote's, out of his basket.

"Well, I didn't want the darned cat, but I said 'all right,' and took care of the bill he handed me for my trouble; and then as soon as he had gone I went to work to earn it. I knew all about common cats, and I supposed Angorys was just like the rest, so I went to work systematic. First I set one of the dogs on the critter, and he killed it; then, as soon as it come to, I shot a load of buckshot through it; and then drownded it in a rain-barrel, and then poisoned it with Paris green, and then knocked its brains out with a club—"

The narrator paused a moment, and told off something on his long gaunt fingers.

"That's five," he said, reflectively. "Let me see; next I hung the beast—that's six; then I starved it to death—seven; then I shot it again—eight. Well, of course it come up smiling, just as I expected, for I knew the natur' of cats, or thought I did. But now I thought I had him.

"'Now,' I says, 'Mr. Cat, I'll fix you; your time has come, so just say your prayers.' And with that I took the critter out to the chopping-block and chopped its head off, and throwed the remains over back of the wood-pile. 'I guess you'll stay there this time,' I says; 'this is number nine, and you're a goner.'

"But that was just where I was fooled. I didn't know so tarnal much about cats as I thought I did—leastwise not about Angorys. For that night, as I was settin' down to supper and just askin' the blessin', I heard a 'miauw,' kind of soft and muffled like, and I looked out of the window, and, sir, there was that poor cat, with its head in its mouth, crying to get in at the door. Yes, sir, that cat was an unnatural; it had mor'n nine lives; it did, sure as my name is Lyin' Davis."

"Is what?" I exclaimed, doubting my ears.

"Lyin' Davis, sir; that, sir, is what they call me, sure as you're born."

"Well," I blurted out, "excuse my candor, Mr. Davis, but I should judge that the title is merited."

A pleased look came into the old man's stolid face. "Do you think it?" he said, with more animation than he had shown before. "Well, now, do you know, I hated to mention what I'm called, for fear you'd think I was jest foolin' y'u; but it's true as gospel—truer, too, I expect, for some of them gospel yarns don't seem reasonable, and what I am tellin' y'u about their callin' me Lyin' Davis is jest naterally *so*."

"I don't doubt it for a moment, Mr. Davis. But I must be travelling. Pleased to have met—"

"Hold on a minute," interrupted the old fellow, this time with actual animation; "you don't happen to have a drop of snake-bite medicine about you, do you?"

I produced a flask, and the old man's eyes fairly gleamed as he saw it. He reached for it without ceremony.

"Waal, I declare!" he said. "Now, sir, I jest thought you might have, for most travellers looks out for snake bites. Lucky you brought it with you, for in this proherbition country you can't get none for love nor money—anyway not for love. Now, sir, do you know, I never touch the stuff excep' on two occasions, but, as luck would have it, this is one of 'em, so I'll jest sample her." And he did so.

"What are these occasions?" I inquired.

"One's days when I don't go to town, and the other's days when I do. I hain't been to-day, so I jest drinked to that occasion." He reached the flask toward me, then paused reflectively and withdrew his hand.

"Come to think of it," he said, very deliberately, "I may go to town this afternoon, so I guess it 'll be safe for me to jest salute that other occasion too." And he suited the action to the word, with very liberal interpretation.

I pocketed the nearly empty flask and prepared to mount my wheel.

"Goin' to Floyd?" asked the philosopher, motioning toward the next town ahead, whose church spires and house-tops could be seen rising above a slight undulation down the road.

"Yes; that is, I am going through there."

"Then you better take the road to the left, if you're in any hurry."

"But why so? The road ahead seems to lead straight there."

"So it does; but the longest way round is really the shortest way, you know. That's a rule I learned from Scriptur', and I all'ys practise it—in perticuler about payin' my debts—and it works first rate. I all'ys take that left-hand road when I'm goin' to town, specially if I think the sheriff may be comin' out the other one to foreclose a mortgage or anything. Better try it."

"Thank you," I said, "but I think I will risk the broad and straight path this time. Good-day."

And from then till now I have never been able fully to satisfy myself whether Mr. Lying Davis was a lunatic, or whether he merely took me for one.

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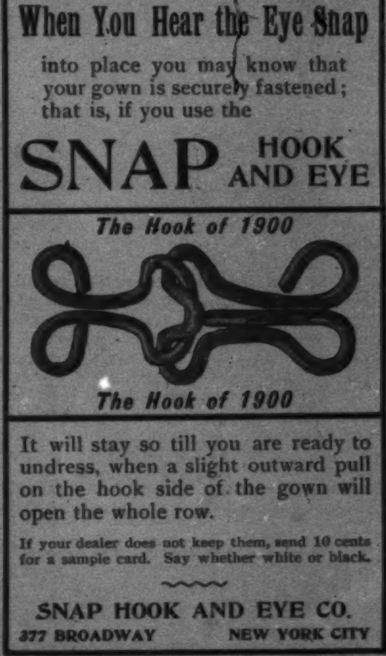

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Oswald Ottendorfer,

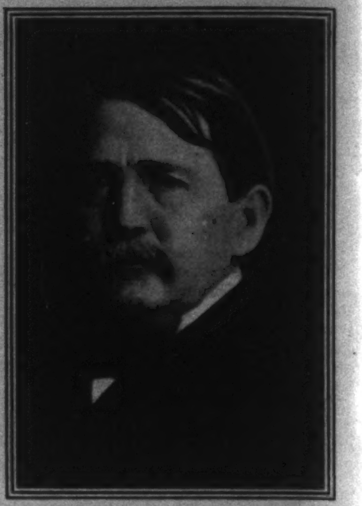
Editor of the "Staats-Zeitung."

Born in Zwittau, Moravia, February 26, 1826.
Died in New York City, December 15, 1900.

See Page 1269.

The Loss of the "Gneisenau"

THE German training-ship *Gneisenau*, with some two hundred naval cadets aboard, was completely wrecked in a storm at the entrance to the harbor of Malaga, Spain, on December 16. The vessel was in command of Commander Kritschmann and, in addition to the cadets, carried a crew of about 150 men. The *Gneisenau* was lying in the harbor when the storm broke; her anchors dragged and she was driven on the rocks. In ten minutes all hope of saving her was abandoned. About forty men were lost, the rest of the crew being saved by their own efforts and by rescuers from the shore. The *Gneisenau* was a frigate-built, unarmored cruiser of 2856 tons, built 1879, having a speed of eighteen knots.



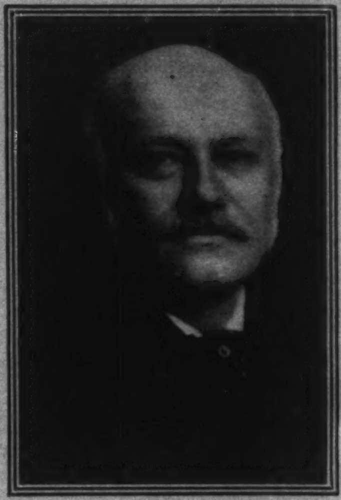
Charles C. Beaman,

Born in Houlton, Maine, May 7, 1840.
Died in New York City, December 15, 1900.

Photograph by Hollinger.—See Page 1269.

John Addison Porter,

Born in New Haven, Conn., April 17, 1859.
Died in Pomfret, Conn., December 15, 1900.

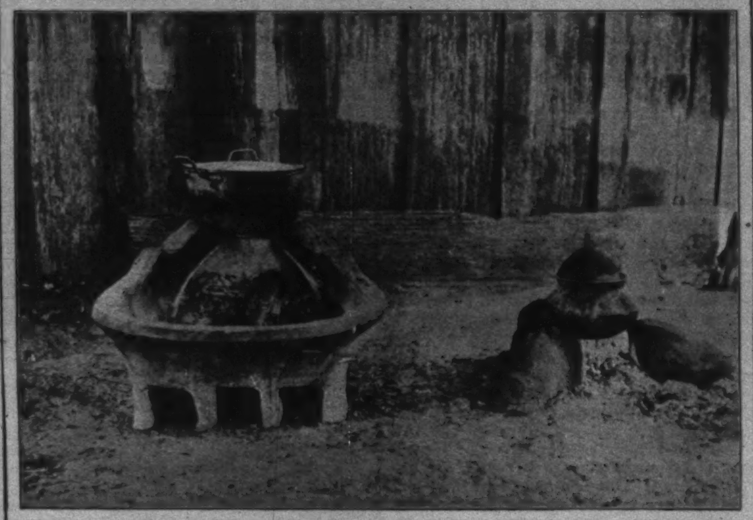


Henry R. Beekman,

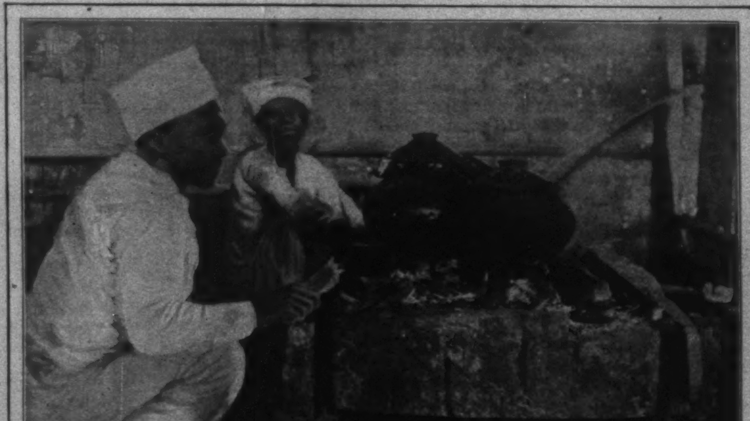
Judge of the Superior Court, New York.

Born in New York, December 8, 1845.
Died in New York, December 17, 1900.

See Page 1269.



A Pottery Oven and the Three-stone Method.



An Elaboration of the Three-stone Method.

Filipino Fireplaces

CREDIT for the introduction of the iron cooking-stove and ranges into the Philippines may fairly be given to the American army.

The wives of the officers looked aghast at the rude little earthen-ware stoves which burn bamboo splints, and the purely Spanish charcoal cooking-machine, built of brick, with a dozen little square holes on the surface of a tiled mantelpiece, with glowing charcoal beneath, and no provision for the escape of smoke and gases except into the kitchen itself. They would have nothing to do with them, and cried aloud to the Quartermaster's Department for a civilized invention, and, what was more to the point, they got it, and then everybody wanted one.

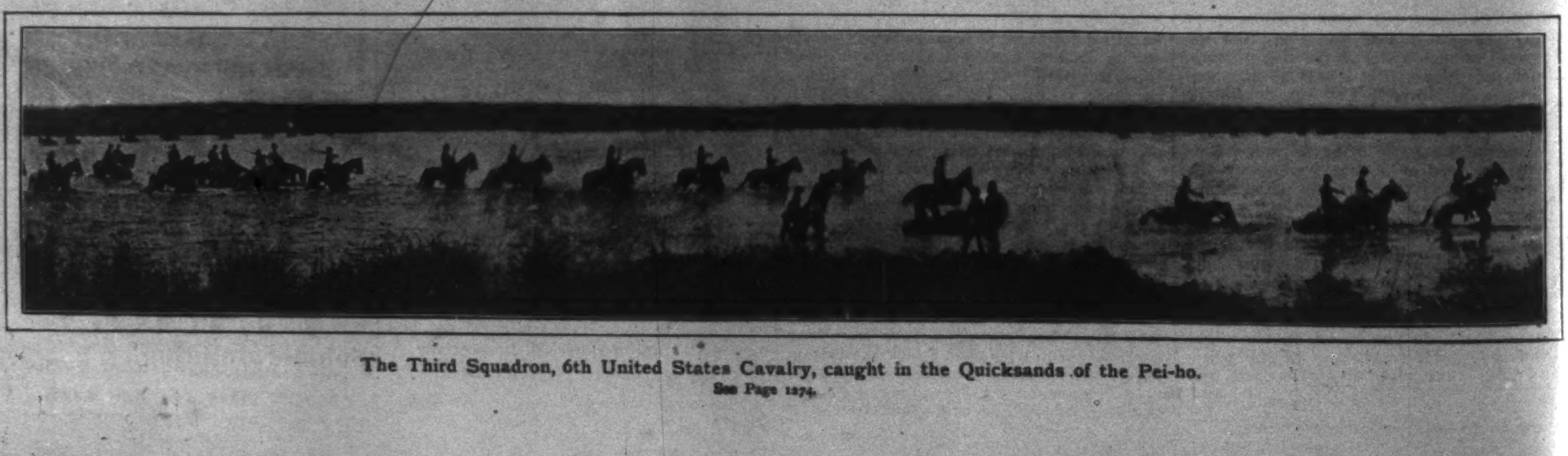
It is true that a few English families possessed the luxury of a range, operated by Chinese cooks; but the Spaniard, after three centuries of living in this country, was perfectly content to use the curious earthen-ware dish which supports a vessel above the fire at its rear end, or the other type of brick-oven charcoal-burner, which, by-the-way, is used in all Spanish countries. One does not wonder that the people of a so-called civilized nation so far behind in modern progressive ideas should have had the stuffing knocked out of them in a naval engagement. What they needed was an enemy sailing in galleons of the middle centuries. Columbus discovered America and Magellan discovered the Philippines—for other countries to civilize.

The universal cooking device for the natives of the Philippines, of whatever tribe they may be, is three stones supporting an earthen pot. Among the Tagalogs alone the portable pottery oven (shown in the photograph) is most in vogue, and even among them for increased cooking facilities the three stones are usually found side by side with the slightly less primitive device. Nowhere does one find any attempt to support vessels over the fire by iron rods or cranes, and, in fact, an iron frying-pan or metal dish is a rarity; hence practically all cooked foods are boiled.

Baking is an unknown art, except in the large cities, where bread is turned out from brick ovens, first heated by the introduction of fire, which is then withdrawn, and the baking carried on by the retained heat.

It must be admitted that the diet of the poor native is a very wholesome one for a tropical climate, and it is not at all unlikely that his physical degeneracy may begin with the coming of hot baked biscuits and waffles for breakfast, broiled and baked meats for dinner, and a Welsh rarebit after the theatre at night.

WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.



The Third Squadron, 6th United States Cavalry, caught in the Quicksands of the Pei-ho.

See Page 1274.

Bancroft's "Life of Seward"*

IF "history is philosophy teaching by examples," it might be inferred that the ideal biography is philosophy teaching by an individual example. But either definition is forbidding to a public which is intolerant of assumed authority on the part of its story-tellers for anything but their facts, and which imposes on them all, whether in history, biography, or fiction, as their first duty that of entertaining. If Mr. Bancroft is a philosopher who is using his subject to teach a doctrine or a theory, he conceals his purpose well; for it is not easy to detect in his pages any social or political creed, nor do they advocate any cause or system of thought. He has simply set to work, with exceptional opportunities for collecting information, to ascertain the exact truth concerning the mind, character, and life of an eminent statesman, and then to present this truth in a readable and impressive form. The result is not only one of the most interesting of recent biographies, but is also a contribution of great and permanent value to the history of our nation.

A biographer who has close relations with the family or the intimate friends of his subject will often feel a sense of duty to them as strong as to the public, and his superior means of knowledge may be a hinderance to his freedom of expression. It is refreshing to find a "life" full of new and useful information, yet unreserved in its candor. Mr. Bancroft admires his hero, but has an eye as clear and a measure as just for his faults as for his virtues. Having a problematic character to deal with, he does not claim to have fathomed it, nor always to understand its motives and aims, but sets the man before us in his deeds and words as nearly as may be "in his habit as he lived," and leaves us to study him and, if we will, judge him for ourselves. The book has the fascination which attaches to a great mind and life seen close at hand, with all the helps to comprehension which constant companionship, and even close intimacy, can give, but wholly without that insight into the hidden springs of action, the tenets of desire and purpose, which biographers so often affect, but which only omniscience can possess. It is a narrative of varied fortunes, of a life marked by splendid achievements and by dismal failures, of a character with admirable features of strength, but now and again verging on the commonplace or exposing strange weaknesses; the whole of far more human interest than the vale of Avilion or the faulty faultlessness of the eulogists' demigod. While reading the volumes it is easy to feel assured that we have before us the real William H. Seward, different as he is from the image labelled with that name in the public mind, under substantially the aspects and relations which will determine the final judgment of history upon his fame.

Throughout those parts of the country in which antislavery sentiment was early dominant, and especially where the struggles of New York politics were little known, Mr. Seward has been widely regarded as a statesman in the large sense; a type of public man familiar to the present generation mainly in history. More than forty years ago Lord Salisbury remarked that in British politics no one acts on principles or reasons from them. Whatever truth there was in this saying then, it has grown more true year by year; and the same is at least as true of American as of British politics now. Whether or not the pages of history faithfully depict public life in the great epochs of the past, the reader of them is certainly taught that national leaders acted upon fixed and reasoned principles, and sought to carry into effect definite and earnest policies. We associate such principles and policies with historic names in the earlier generations of the republic. The superiority of Washington in fame to his critics and opponents grows out of our conviction that his country's welfare was his supreme aim in his public acts. John Adams, Hamilton, Calhoun, Chase, Sumner, and Cleveland occupy their places in the general esteem mainly because it is assumed that each of them strove to serve first and above all else the country and mankind. Of Jefferson, Clay, Douglas, and many others, there is a widespread feeling that personal and party aims mingled unduly with their efforts for the public good. Webster is regarded by multitudes as having stooped from the high plane of statesmanship upon which much of his life had been passed, and sought the highest office with a consciousness, indeed, of merit, but by the sacrifice of his own convictions.

Seward's title to the name of national statesman must be sought either in his struggle against the slaveholding oligarchy, in his conduct of foreign relations as Secretary of State, or in his favorite plans and hopes for the expansion of the republic. His admirers are able, indeed, to find evidences of greatness in many other of his varied activities, in many sides of his impressive and irrepressible personality. As a lawyer, if not profound, and leaving no permanent trace upon legislation or jurisprudence, he yet was unsurpassed in dexterity, and was among the foremost in forensic effectiveness. His dignity, courtesy, and self-command never failed. As a politician, while always closely linked with managers and schemers, whose secret and devious methods were directed in his service, and who exercised a mysterious influence on his public acts and utterances, he always spoke to the world as one whose mind dwelt in the high sphere of conviction and principle. As an orator, while creating no novel thought or original policy, he was unequalled in coining timely phrases and potent watchwords. His rhetoric was often effective in bringing the idea appropriate to the hour home to the common mind and making it a decisive force in a great crisis. In all the relations of private life he won and retained the affection as well as the respect of his associates, and the glimpses his biographer gives us of his family and his home are among the most charming passages of these volumes. Without offensive self-assertion, he was always fully conscious of supreme capacity and wisdom, blind to his own limitations and weaknesses, and strangely skilful in blinding weaker minds to them, and under all circumstances of difficulty and failure a persistent optimist in his outlook for the future of himself, his party, and his country. No biography presents a more puzzling or fascinating problem of personal character than this; but its interest as a chapter of history is broader and deeper still, and this centres in Seward's position and achievements as a national statesman.

His entrance into public life was singularly unpromising. At the age of twenty-nine he was elected to the State Senate of New York by the Antimasons, a local and temporary faction with no element of national importance or of permanence. That a young man capable of future leadership in the nation should seriously accept Antimasonry as a political creed is as strange as that a young man of lofty ambition should expect it to open for him a great career. Before his one term as Senator ended, the party was dissolved and its cause forgotten. But he had made his ability and character felt in the State, and had associated himself with its most sagacious political intriguers, led by Thurlow Weed. The Whig party was organized; the financial panic of 1837 weakened the Democrats, so long in power; the opposition was skilfully handled so as to unite on Seward, and on January 1, 1839, he became Governor of New York.

The son of a slaveholder in the rural North, and for part of his student life a schoolmaster among the Georgia planters, Seward seems early to have felt an aversion to slavery, which increased with years; but even when a candidate for Governor in 1838 he was not ready for "such an act of inhospitality" on the part of New York as to forbid fellow-citizens from Southern States, when visiting or travelling in the North, to bring and retain their slaves with them. He took office under the reproaches and contempt of the abolitionists. But he soon became involved in controversies with Virginia and Georgia upon legal questions concerning the recovery of fugitive slaves and the protection of slave property. His official acts and utterances grew more and more decided in opposition to the slave power and its supporters, and at his retirement in 1843 he was already the foremost representative of antislavery sentiment as a political force in the Whig party, though not committed to any attack upon the institution on social or moral grounds. As this sentiment grew among the Northern people, he became bolder every year in expressing it; and in the national canvass of 1848 it was the resolute and uncompromising denunciation by him of the subserviency of the Democrats to the slave power that secured for the Whigs the support of New York and Ohio and the election of Taylor as President. Seward entered the Senate March 4, 1849, as the representative of the strongest and deepest feeling of the Northern people, and as the most influential adviser of the new administration.

From that time his speeches were the expression and the measure of the free nation's growing determination to vindicate its right to its life and its freedom together; they were the topmost wave of the rising tide, until in 1860 the tide was full. Others were more ardent, more philosophical, more consistent in the cause, but none other so fully voiced its advancing thought, shaped its current emotions, and identified himself with each step of its progress. Many of his speeches were far-reaching political forces and memorable events in our history. From

---

* *The Life of William H. Seward.* By Frederic Bancroft. With Portraits. In Two Volumes. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1900.

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that which proclaimed the "Higher Law," March 11, 1850, to that which announced the "Irrepressible Conflict," October 25, 1858, his voice and thought commanded the earnest attention of the whole country, and did more than the work of any other man to prove "the certain deliverance of the continent from slavery to be inevitable, and the dissolution of the Union to be impossible."

This was magnificent service to his country and to mankind, and forms his highest claim to honor. If Mr. Bancroft's work is in any aspect inadequate, it is in failing to emphasize sufficiently the masterly statesmanship of Seward during this period. That he showed weakness in the face of the superficial compromises of 1850, and shrank from disturbing the false peace which followed, is true. To have asserted his leadership and precipitated the decisive conflict ten years before it came might have been possible to a greater man, and would certainly, as his biographer shows, have averted vast calamities, and written his name far above all other Americans of his age in historic fame. It was impossible for him, and the attempt would have brought him only failure and ruin. Unsurpassed as the mouth-piece of a growing party, he had no qualification to be the leader of a revolution. But when the slave power itself renewed its aggressions, and seemed, under the lead of Douglas, stronger and more confident than ever, Seward saw better than any one else that it was rushing upon destruction, and appealed with full assurance to the public conscience and to the future. It was this, rather than the incidents of political intrigue which his supporters deemed necessary, that secured his re-election to the Senate in 1854, and it was this that made his formal accession the following year to the Free-Soil ranks the real foundation of the Republican party.

No chapters of "the life" are of larger interest than those which describe Seward's work as Secretary of State. They illuminate the history of the times, making one of the most stirring and picturesque parts of our national annals. His administration of our foreign relations was successful, in spite of difficulties, known to all, which seemed at times insuperable. But greater difficulties, then known to few, lay in the mind and character of the Secretary himself. His enormous confidence in himself, his fitful and passionate ambition, his lack both of experience in the handling of great affairs and of diplomatic training, more than once imperilled the national cause. There is no other instance in our history parallel to Seward's attempt, on April 1, 1861, to dictate a rash and ruinous policy to President Lincoln. Disappointed in his hope of quietly controlling the administration and the party, he lost all sobriety of judgment and sought to involve the country in a foreign war, and to assume a practical dictatorship for himself, with the President as his instrument, on the wild plea that the nation could thus be reunited. To retain Seward in his cabinet, to protect him against the natural results of his own folly, and to make him, by wise control and guidance, his useful minister and adviser, was a work which no ruler but Lincoln would have attempted or could have accomplished.

The President's reward came when Seward's ingenuity devised a way to solve the difficulty with Great Britain over the seizure of the *Trent*, and thus to avert the most serious danger which confronted us during the rebellion. The bold arrest of Mason and Slidell upon a British mail-steamer on the high seas had thrilled the Northern people with admiration and made Wilkes a popular hero. The peremptory demand of Great Britain for their surrender, under a veiled threat of war, had aroused general indignation, and few voices counselled submission. Yet Seward, whose judgment was always calmed by tremendous responsibilities, saw clearly that a refusal would bring final ruin to the republic. Who else could have contrived to yield without humbling the national pride, and even to turn the extorted concession into an occasion for asserting and heightening the national dignity? His despatch reversed the popular feeling, stilled excitement, united in rejoicings the friends of peace in both hemispheres, and satisfied the practical demands of reason and of passion. Criticised to-day, in the light of international law, it proves to be a mass of special pleading, without consistency or permanent value. But as a decisive act, which met a condition and not a theory, and solved it in the one way which was best, it merits the praise with which it was greeted. Notwithstanding the severe judgment passed upon it by several of his successors in office, the general verdict will be that of Mr. Bancroft: it "was one of the greatest feats of the war period, and has rightly given him lasting fame and honor in American history."

Perhaps the time may soon come when Seward will be best remembered as the father of all the expansionists. His mind was filled with visions of the future growth of the republic, beside which the achievements of recent years are insignificant. In 1850 he affirmed that the obstacles to expansion were in our own internal constitution, not in outward difficulties; and "no one knows how rapidly that restraint may give way." In 1860 he declared that Russia in Northwestern America, Britain in Canada, and the Spanish-American republics were all building excellent states for admission to the Union, and that the city of Mexico, in his belief, would ultimately be the national capital. In 1867 he negotiated with secrecy and haste the purchase of Walrussia and gave it the name of Alaska. After more than three years of patient effort, he made a treaty with Denmark in 1868 for the cession of St. Thomas, but the Senate refused to ratify it. In December following he induced President Johnson to say to Congress, "Comprehensive national policy would seem to sanction the acquisition and incorporation into our Federal Union of the several adjacent continental and insular communities as speedily as it can be done peacefully, lawfully, and without any violation of national justice, faith, or honor." And early in January, 1869, he made a vigorous attempt to secure the admission of Santo Domingo as a territory of the United States by a resolution of Congress. He had long fixed his eyes upon Hawaii as a desirable acquisition, and bitterly regretted that domestic politics prevented attention to the scheme. Nowhere in his writings do we find a serious consideration of the probable influence upon our system of government of such additions to our population; nowhere an indication that the policy of indiscriminate annexation which he advocated had been thought out by him in its relations and consequences. It was like the passion of avarice, a blind sentiment mistaking bigness for greatness, a vague dream with such power over his imagination that he was ever ready to sacrifice to it all the realities of national prosperity. There are thousands to-day who follow him, but only at a great distance, fully sharing his blindness, but never rising to the glory of his visions.

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Caught in Quicksand

THE photograph on page 1272 of the third squadron of the Sixth Cavalry crossing the Pei-ho River in China illustrates one of the many thrilling adventures of the American troops in China which have never appeared in the cable despatches. Nearly 500 men, constituting Troops I, K, L, and M, of the Sixth Cavalry, were caught in the quicksands while crossing the Pei-ho River on September 5, and narrowly escaped a death more fearful than death from a Boxer bullet or sword. The struggle in the quicksands will be remembered by every trooper in the squadron until his dying day.

The squadron was sent out from Peking under command of Captain Forsythe, to bring in a body of Chinese Christians who were threatened with death by the Boxers. The expedition was accompanied by Colonel Web C. Hayes, of General Chaffee's staff, and Lieutenant Reeves, of General Wilson's staff. The expedition met with no adventure until the Pei-ho, broad and deep, was reached. The troopers had become used to fording Chinese rivers, and plunged in, swimming their horses when necessary.

As seen in the photograph, the squadron allowed themselves to be carried down the river by the current until they approached the farther bank, when the horses were headed up stream, forming a crescent line of troopers, extending across the broad river. It was not until the leaders approached the farther bank that the quicksand was reached. Suddenly the horses began to lose their footing and sink. With shrill neighs of terror they floundered in the quicksand, while the sickening sensation of sinking to certain death was transmitted from horse to rider. Some of the troopers jumped from the horses' backs and swam to the shore, leaving the horses to flounder out as best they could or to die. Others who could not swim stuck to the horses' backs, trusting to their strength to bring both horse and rider to shore.

Fortunately a strip of deep water ran between the quicksand and the shore. To this circumstance many of the troopers owe their lives. The floundering horses found themselves caught in the swift current, and with its aid freed their legs from the treacherous sands and struggled to shore. When the leaders were caught in the quicksands the word was quickly passed along the line across the river, and each trooper attempted to reach the shore a little farther down the river than the preceding one, in the hope that he would miss the quicksands, but the hope was futile, for the strip of quicksand extended for a long distance along the farther shore, and every trooper in the squadron was caught before he got across the river.

Those who escaped first from the quicksand helped those who followed as much as possible, and although the floundering cavalry-horses were scattered along the river-bank for a mile, all the troopers and horses were finally saved. One mule only was lost, but the squadron had an experience fraught with many times more danger than any other that has happened to them in China.

Colonel Hayes was one of the first to escape from the quicksand, and to relieve his mind of some of the anxiety which oppressed those on shore as the others approached, he took several snap-shots with a kodak at the line of cavalrymen in the water. Then he turned in with the others in extending aid to the imperilled troopers.

FRANCIS R. SINGLETON.

Electricity or Steam for Railroads

THE question of adopting electricity on the railroads which run through populous centres is more generally agitated in New England than elsewhere, and the promise of the New Haven road to have many new miles of its branch lines equipped with electricity within the coming year adds new fuel to the controversy that has long raged there. Already the New Haven road operates more miles of electric lines than any other railroad corporation, and the fact that it intends to extend this service indicates that it considers electricity a power that will increase in importance on the steam roads. There are over forty-five miles on this road operated by electricity, while the Pennsylvania Railroad has only its seven miles from Bordentown to Mount Holly, and the Baltimore and Ohio its four miles in a belt line through Baltimore.

The conditions in New England probably help to make the steam railroads of that section progressive in the adoption of electricity. The trolley has sprung up and multiplied there like the proverbial mushroom. The total electric mileage in Massachusetts in 1894 was about 600 miles, but it is reported that the returns for the current year will show nearly 2000 miles of electric railways in the State. New lines are almost daily projected, and the State is completely crossed and recrossed by them. The same conditions prevail in Rhode Island and Connecticut, and the recent trip of a trolley party from Boston to New York shows how extensive the electric roads have become throughout this whole section.

The trolleys have not only entrenched upon the preserves of the steam roads in the matter of carrying passengers short distances, but they are making a bid for freight, baggage, and even the mails. The last Legislature of Massachusetts granted to some half-dozen different trolley lines the right to carry merchandise, passengers' baggage, and the mails. The same privilege was given to other electric roads already incorporated by changing their charters.

This is one of the most dangerous steps in encroaching upon the rights of the railroads yet attempted, and it is with some alarm that the big steam railroad corporations view this departure. The question naturally suggests itself whether the railroads will adopt electricity on certain branch lines, which run through populous centres, in self-protection, or stand aside and see their profits materially cut down. This condition of affairs largely accounts for the activity of the New Haven and other New England steam railroads in building electric side lines or changing the motive power on old established branches. It is even intimated that the big railroads will make a bid for street traction privileges, and thus carry the war into the enemy's very camp. So far none of the big railroad corporations have attempted this, but such a radical departure from old methods may be made any day in New England, where the war between the steam and electric roads is very acute. The steam-railroad corporations feel that they would be justified in this action since the light electric railways have broken down the barrier by securing legislation permitting them to enter what has been heretofore considered the special rights and territory of the former. Whether the interests of the two systems of transportation will ultimately be found to harmonize, or whether they will be antagonistic to the bitter end, is a question that is interesting and very important to all concerned.

G. E. W.

In HARPER'S WEEKLY *of December 15 one of the portraits on page 1208 was titled "Chaplain Milburn." This was an error. The portrait is that of Chaplain Couden of the House of Representatives.*

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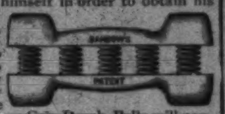

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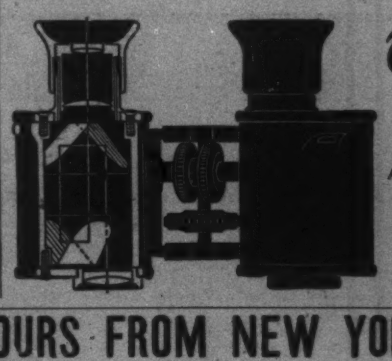

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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

AT the end of the year it will be interesting to glance back and compare the financial situation with that at the beginning. The year 1899 saw the culmination of a remarkable series of industrial consolidations and of the exploiting of the vast incorporations of capital generally known as "trusts." The total capitalization of those launched in two years was something like $7,000,000,000, represented mostly in preferred and common stock in approximately equal volume, the former standing for investment and the latter mostly for good will, economics, and assumed or pretended earning capacity above a fixed return upon investment. This inflated mass of common stock in the hands of promoters, underwriters, and confiding buyers, which had been loaded upon the market at anywhere from 40 to 70, had very generally shrunk to half that value or less, had produced wild speculation, came near causing a panic in December, when rates were high in the money-market, and did cause some notable failures.

The year came in with something like a stock-market scare, "industrials" were out of favor with the banks and with the public, confidence was shaken, and for a long time investment and speculation alike were under restraint. Then came symptoms of reaction in the field of actual industrial operation, which was closely associated with stock speculation. The iron and steel industries had been active beyond all precedent, and prices had been pushed high, causing a somewhat sudden falling off in orders and holding back of operations requiring the use of steel and iron.

An announcement in the spring that there had been over-production, and that activity would have to be curtailed and prices brought down, caused a break in steel stocks, affected other "industrials" and the whole market, and spread disquietude far and wide. Then came the Presidential campaign to hold affairs under a new restraint and keep things waiting.

A good omen appeared in Congressional action on the currency. The act of March 14, establishing the gold standard and providing for its maintenance, authorizing a refunding of the short-term government bonds in a two-per-cent. gold thirty-year loan, and allowing the national banks more favorable terms for the issue of circulating notes, had a stimulating effect upon public confidence, which was only shadowed by the possibilities of the election, in which the stability of this legislation was involved. But in spite of drawbacks and uncertainties the industries and business of the country, on the whole, were in a sound condition, and prosperity was only under a temporary check. Railroad earnings were constantly better than a year before, foreign trade kept up, with a steady increase of exports, and the crops were promising and proved to be good.

When the election was over and the country was felt to be safe, there was a remarkable resumption of activity, especially in the stock-market, with a new advance in prices, but the process of bold exploitation had ceased, and much of the wind had gone out of the common stocks of the "trusts." Trading was mainly upon actual values and real earning capacity, and to an unusual extent took the form of new investment. The money situation, compared to that of a year before, was one of ease and strength. The result of the currency act was to add some $80,000,000 to the bank circulation. Gold came into our treasuries from mines within the country and from other sources at the rate of about $6,000,000 a month, and little went out. The large and increasing excess of our exports over imports gave us a heavy balance of credit abroad, which, in spite of taking a share in foreign loans and buying large volumes of American securities from London, Paris, and Berlin, gave us a command over the European gold-supply, which could hardly be resisted if it were necessary for us to draw upon it. So the end of the year finds us in a strong position industrially, commercially, and financially, with a much better prospect of continued prosperity than appeared at the beginning.

The year has been in some respects a hard one for Great Britain, though her industries and trade have continued to be prosperous. The expenses of the war in South Africa have drawn heavily upon her resources, while an important source of the gold-supply has been closed to her, and the frequent borrowings and large disbursements of the government have troubled the money-market and occasionally put a strain upon it.

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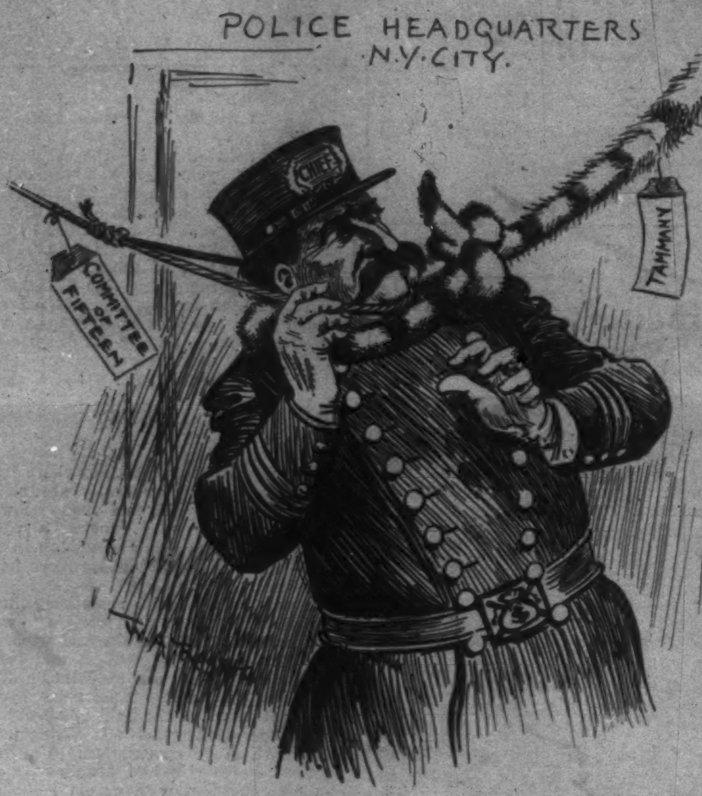

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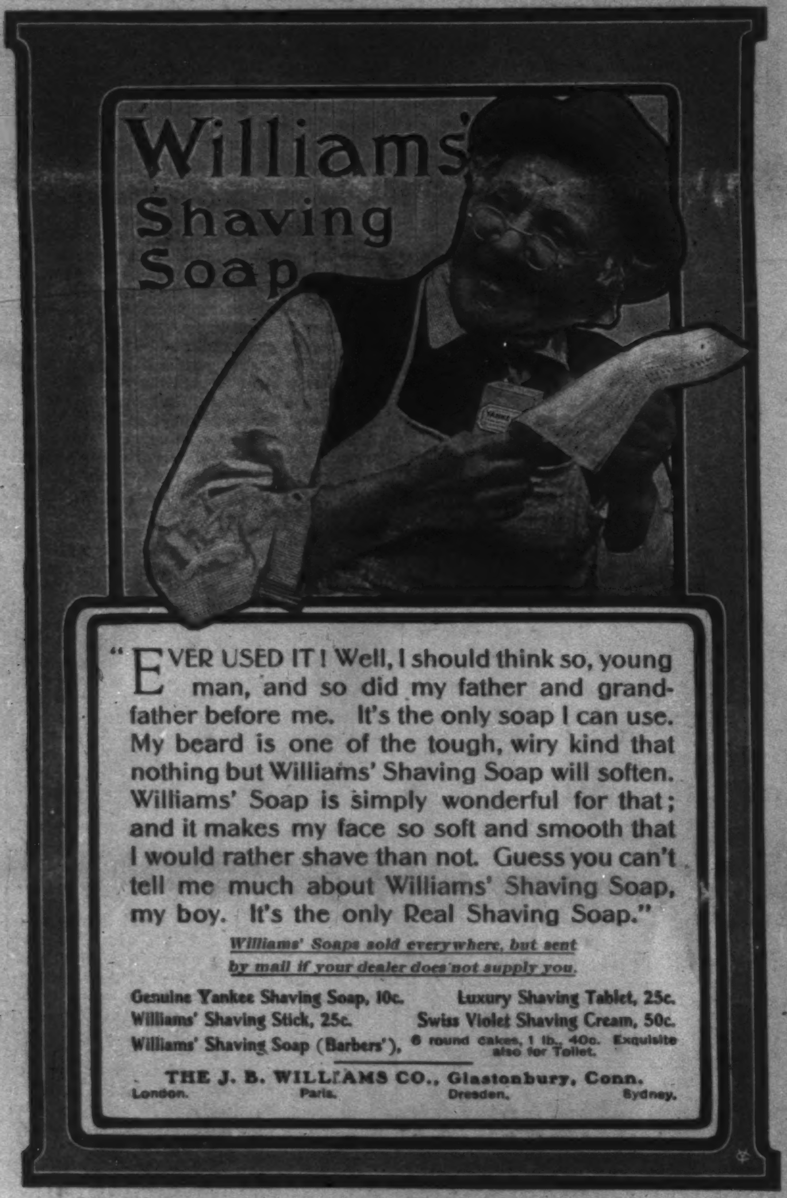

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